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DE MORA'S NARRATIVE

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A NARRATIVE

BY

DN. ANGEL HERREROS DE MORA

OF HIS IMPRISONMENT

BY THE "TRIBUNAL OF THE FAITH,"

AND

ESCAPE FROM SPAIN.

TRANSLATED BY THE

REV. W. H. RULE, D.D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE TRANSLATOR.

LONDON:
ALEXANDER HEYLIN, 28, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1856.

LOAN STACK
2035F

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM NICHOLS,
32, LONDON WALL.

BX
1735
H47
1856
MAIN

INTRODUCTION.

This Narrative has been delayed for two or three weeks by circumstances which could not be controlled. The writer reached London in the evening of the 9th of October, but much exhausted, his right hand partially disabled by the assault he had suffered on the Prado of Madrid, and his mind for some days so engrossed by domestic care, and anxiety for his country and his friends, that he could not apply himself to composition. The Translator, too, has not been able to command leisure for his part of the work, being constantly under the pressure of duties of considerable labour and responsibility. No available moment has been lost.

For the better understanding of the following pages, it appears necessary to supply some information which is not generally accessible. The questions may very naturally arise, why, if there be an Inquisitorial Tribunal in Spain, it has not acted of late years, but reserved its powers until August, 1856, to be tried upon the person of Don Angel Herreros de Mora; and what is the nature of the Institution that suddenly, in a neighbouring and friendly country, revives the judicial persecutions

of the sixteenth century. Both these points are of some importance.

As to the first, namely, the comparative abstinence of Spanish authorities from severe acts of judicial persecution until the present year, it must be observed that the state of public feeling has been unfavourable to such acts, which have only occurred during intervals of political reaction. Successive Legislatures, always dreading such reaction, which the Clergy combine with their opponents to provoke, have allowed themselves to tamper with the great subject of Religious Liberty, even at the same time that they have been fully alive to the necessity of assuring political independence and the exercise of civil rights. The text of three successive Constitutions lies before me.

First, in 1812. When the majority of the Constituent Cortes of Cadiz had determined to abolish the Inquisition, and substitute for it a similar, but less powerful, Tribunal, they timidly paraded their fidelity to the Pope of Rome by an Article in their New Constitution, which stands as a perpetual record to their shame. It reads thus: "The religion of the Spanish Nation is, and shall be perpetually, the Catholic, *Apostolic, Roman, only true.* The nation protects it by *wise and just laws, and prohibits the exercise of any other.*"

Second, in 1837. By this time the Spaniards, further advanced in intelligence, were ashamed of the principles avowed and embodied in the above Article, and, in framing another Constitution, agreed, after considerable debate, to omit such expressions

as those which I have marked in italics, and merely enacted that "the nation obliges itself to maintain the worship and Ministers of the Catholic religion, which the Spaniards profess." The avowed intention of those Cortes was to encourage the establishment of Religious Liberty in Spain, by omitting all recognition of "wise and just laws" and of prohibition, and presenting to the view of Christendom a fundamental article to which the Priests could not successfully appeal for the punishment of alleged heresy by any written law. A period of seventeen years followed, during part of which time the Wesleyan Mission in Cadiz flourished; and although disturbed during an Absolutist reaction, it might have been revived and prosecuted again, but for the carefulness of the Committee in London, who felt reluctant to expend funds intrusted to their care in maintaining Missions on insecure ground. Unfortunately Spain was left to itself, and, as Protestant Churches all stood aloof, the liberal Spaniards were not supported in their good intentions. Private zeal, let it be observed, is not sufficient to establish our claim to public liberty in that country.

Third, in 1854. The correspondent Article in this last Constitution,—a Constitution, however, that was not ratified, and, indeed, scarcely completed,—exhibits a retrogression towards the standard of 1812. It reads thus: "The nation obliges itself to maintain and protect the worship and Ministers of the Catholic religion, which the Spaniards profess. But no Spaniard *nor foreigner* shall be persecuted for his *opinions, so long as he does not make them manifest*

by public acts contrary to religion." Such a fundamental law as this could only tend to repress every utterance of Evangelical truth, and to prevent every public act of Protestant worship; for we all know how a Spanish Ecclesiastic would interpret it. Only a very liberal Government could protect either Spaniard or foreigner from the penalties this Article could easily be made to sanction. There were *ten* amendments proposed and debated therefore, and any one of them would have been very much better than the original sentence; but the only advantage gained was a debate of unprecedented interest on the subject of Liberty of Worship.

When Espartero fell, in July of this year, all constitutional administration also fell, and it therefore mattered not whether it was the code of '37 or of '54, which the Queen then abolished. But even before the publication of the Decree which abolished the Constitution, Señor de Mora was brought under the lash of the laws of the dark ages,—of the thirteenth century.

How this came to pass is a matter of some interest.

When the Cortes of 1812 had framed the Constitution, one Article of which I have already quoted, they hastened to satisfy the nation by an act of justice which the people expected of them; namely, the extinction of the Inquisition. But the same dread of the Romish Clergy,—the only Clergy of Spain,—which appears in their intolerant Article, led to an act which neutralized the merit of their suppression of the Holy Office. After a long protracted and memorable debate, there was a compromise by the

appointment of Inquisitorial Courts, yet differently constituted from that of the Inquisition proper, as can be sufficiently explained by translating the essential part of a Decree of those Cortes, bearing date, February 22nd, 1813.

"Art. 1. The Catholic, Apostolic, Roman religion shall be protected by laws conformable to the Constitution.

"2. The Tribunal of the Inquisition is incompatible with the Constitution.

"3. Therefore the Law II., Title xxvi., Partida vii., is established in its pristine vigour, inasmuch as it leaves unencumbered the powers of Bishops and their Vicars to take cognizance of causes of faith, according to the sacred canons and common right, and those of the Secular Judges to impose the penalties which the laws provide, or which they may provide in future. The Ecclesiastical and Secular Judges shall proceed in their respective cases according to the Constitution and the Laws.

"4. Every Spaniard has full right to bring accusation of the crime of heresy before the Ecclesiastical Tribunal. In defect of accuser, and even if there is one, the Ecclesiastical Proctor (*Fiscal*) shall act as accuser.

"5. When the indictment is prepared, if sufficient cause shall result from it to lay any charge against the person accused, the Ecclesiastical Judge shall cause him to appear, and shall admonish him in the manner which the aforesaid law of Partida prescribes.

"6. If the accusation be concerning an offence which would make the offender liable to bodily punish-

ment, the accused being a lay person, the Ecclesiastical Judge shall forward an indictment to the respective Judge in order to his arrest, and he shall hold him at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical Judge for further proceedings, until the conclusion of the cause. Military men are not exempt, &c. If the accused person is an Ecclesiastic, secular or regular, the Ecclesiastical Judge shall proceed by himself alone.

"19. When the ecclesiastical judgment is finished, a statement of the cause shall be forwarded to the Secular Judge, the criminal from that time remaining at his disposal, that he may proceed to inflict upon him the penalty which has to take place according to the laws."*

The Old Law is quoted in the Decree almost *verbatim*, and, on reference, I find the penalty: "As to penalties, the law establishes that of burning them alive."† An English Romanist might say, that my friend would not have been burnt alive, and in that opinion I should entirely concur; for the populace of Madrid would certainly have consumed Mr. Vicar Pando in the same fire: but the whole world knows, that if a Spanish Court wishes to kill a man, it is never at a loss as to the mode of execution, and even without any judicial formalities a death can be most readily effected.

The "Secular Judge," however, did his work very reluctantly, and even dared to express his pleasure at

* *Discusion del Proyecto de Decreto sobre el Tribunal de la Inquisicion.* Cadiz: En la Imprenta Nacional, 1813, p. 687.

† *Derecho Real de España.* Por D. Juan Sala. Madrid, 1832, lib. ii., tit. 29.

the escape of "the prisoner;" and to show that the Ecclesiastics were quite in earnest, I have only to quote a sentence from a private letter to the prisoner himself, now safe in London, dated Madrid, November 7th: "Many have asked me for your work on the Jesuits, and among them the *employés* who were in the service of the Government when you were in prison. They are now all dismissed. I believe that Alonso Martinez (the Civil Governor) is paying for not having been willing to order a pursuit of you when you escaped. However, they speak most highly of you, as your chief friends say, and the Governor is sorry that he did not know you sooner."

With regard to the disguise of the inmates of the Convent, used in this case as a prison, it must be observed that the adoption of other habits and another name was rendered necessary, inasmuch as the Order of the Jesuits was suppressed in Spain in the year 1835, and has not been legally restored. But one of their patrons gave them the house in which they now are, working quite as vigorously under their "Ecclesiastical Titles Act," as the Romish Bishops work in England under theirs.

The Royal Decree which *suppressed the Order*, but could not insure the dispersion of its members, was "rubricked by the royal hand" of the reluctant Queen Governess Christina, July 4th, 1835, in obedience to the national will, and was addressed to D. Manuel García Herreros, Minister of Grace and Justice at that time.

When this Minister issued the Decree of his royal mistress for the suppression of the Order, he also

extinguished the *Juntas de Fé*, the Inquisitorial Courts that were then held by the Bishops in all their dioceses, according to the Decree just quoted. Little did he think that the child of his cousin, named after himself, Angel *Herreros* de Mora, then a young man eighteen years of age, would be the very first victim of those Jesuits, by help of one of those very *Juntas*, within a few minutes' walk of the office in which he laboured for the extinction of the whole system. But even so it was. I, too, was then a Missionary in Gibraltar, busily sending the Holy Scriptures into the country, and preparing for the establishment of a Mission there. It seemed, for some years, as if those labours were frustrated; but it has pleased God to use other instruments. That young man grew up to be a successor of his relative in another, yet very influential, sphere as a public writer; and, after having had the happiness of making his case known, and thus contributing to snatch him from the jaws of Death, I have the honour of giving him welcome here. Let this plead with any one who might charge me with indelicacy in allowing a frequent mention of my own name in the following narrative which is to go forth translated by myself. I could have suppressed my name, but it had already been announced; and to have suppressed my friend's expressions of kindness would have divested his character—to English readers—of one of its more amiable features. Other and far worthier names would certainly have appeared on these pages, but for prudential considerations. Some of the most illustrious exiles from the Court

of Madrid would probably have been residing there at this moment, but for the part they felt impelled to take on behalf of the imprisoned Protestant; and, although the silence thus imposed may soon cease to be necessary, at present the reserve is inevitable, and must be forgiven.

How bitterly the Jesuits hate all who bear the name of Herreros, and breathe the spirit of that family, may be judged of by another passage in their history. Don José María Gonzalez de la Peña Herreros, Private Secretary of Maria Christina, who framed an amnesty for the return of banished Liberals, and was cousin of Don Angel, incurred their hatred, was separated from the Court, and died *suddenly* in Saragoza, in company of a Jesuit.

An elder member of this family is not yet forgotten or forgiven. Herreros, Auxiliar Bishop of the Diocese of Toledo in the reign of Charles III., when the Company was suppressed, and its members expelled from Spain, stood among the foremost in promoting this act of sound policy, and in representing the strong hostility of the Secular Clergy of Spain in general. The Bishop has actually been educated by the Priests; and therefore his opposition, as an *alumnus* of their own, must have been especially mortifying. But the Society is just now in a position to take vengeance, and even to control the Government; having gained possession of the Crown.

There is reason to believe that the Provincial of the French Jesuits, the "Superior" to whom allusion was made in one of Señor de Mora's conversations in the

Convent, is in the Queen's Palace, guiding her Majesty and the King Consort at his pleasure; and that the imprisonment and intended destruction of the relative of an old enemy of the Company, the agent of the American Bible Society, and the author of a book against the Jesuits, were directed by himself, amongst many other deeds of wickedness and folly, which not even Isabel II. or her worst adviser, being a Spaniard, would venture to suggest.

The reader may be curious to know what effect was produced in Madrid, by the tidings of Mora's safe arrival in England. "The Jesuits," writes another friend, under date of November 11th, "have not yet recovered from the surprise caused them by the news of your arrival in London; and I am assured by one who has the best means of knowing, that the Vicar took measures to obtain certain information of the fact, and, as soon as ever that evidence came, placed you on his list of cases to be dispatched. When you have finished your account of your imprisonment, let me, therefore, beg you to send over a few copies, and we will furnish his most Illustrious Excellency with a translation, by way of recompense for the good service he has rendered you, and by way of remembrance of the edifying gag which he had the politeness to offer you."

The gentleman who, naturally enough, indulges in this irony, had more than hearsay report of the Vicar's intentions. Who is on "the list of cases to be dispatched" we do not know, but have the satisfaction of believing that the times of secresy are past, and that no one can now be imprisoned and

walled up without knowledge of the world. The British Press will immediately gain intelligence, and circulate that intelligence all over the world. But that the Tribunal of the Faith has revived the very formalities of the Inquisition, is now placed beyond all doubt.

Perhaps the document before me at this moment is the most undisguised repetition of Inquisitorial forms, in actual practice, that has appeared within our memory. It was published in the official *Diario de Avisos*, on the eighth day of this month of November, 1856, and I translate it literally, for the satisfaction of those who may have imagined that the Supreme and Universal Inquisition had confined itself to a general supervision of Faith and Morals, without laying hands upon the persons, the families, or the property of heretics.

"By the present, and by virtue of the order of the Most Excellent and Most Illustrious Lord Vicar, (Pando,) certified by the undersigned Notary, is cited and summoned to appear the Presbyter Don Angel Herreros de Mora, once belonging to the College of Missionaries in Asia, situate in Ocaña, in order that, within the term of twenty days, he may make his appearance in the Audience Chamber of His Most Illustrious Lordship, which audience he holds in the Street of La Pasa, Number 2, on the principal floor, with notice that if he does not, proceedings will be taken against him as a rebel, on the writ which is now drawn up, for the crimes of apostasy from the faith, infraction of the vow of chastity by having

contracted marriage, and of being a Propagandist of Protestantism in Spain; and the consequence of those proceedings will take place upon himself.

"(Signed,) Gregorio Gonzalo Gutierrez."

On *himself* the consequences cannot fall, for he is quite beyond the range of Inquisitorial shot. On his *effigy* the Tribunal may wreak its impotent fury, according to the ancient practice; but that, of course, will rather produce amusement than alarm. It is, however, doubtful whether the civil authorities would allow public peace to be endangered by such an indignity, although harmless, an esteemed fellow-citizen being the subject. How far, during the worst and darkest moments of an absolutist and priestly reaction, the agents of that reaction may be hurried into some deed of cruelty on the family of the fugitive "rebel," it is not possible to say; but we may venture to trust that the same Guardian Providence which has hitherto protected and delivered, will graciously continue to watch over his wife and child, with the entire circle of his family and friends. Prayer, no doubt, is offered by them, and for them; and in prayer they may find their last and sure resource.

One of the charges in the above document renders it necessary to explain that, after leaving the Missionary College, and during his brief connexion with the Jansenists, my friend was ordained Presbyter, and officiated as such for a few months.

In translating this narrative, I have not thought it necessary to load the few pages it occupies with

historical notes. Most readers will recognise Tournon as the Cardinal sent to investigate the proceedings of the Jesuit Missioners in China, whom they poisoned, to prevent the execution of his commission. Ganganelli all will recognise as Pope Clement XIV., who suppressed the Order in 1773. Ravaillac is universally known as the assassin of Henry IV. of France; and La Chaise as the Confessor and Counsellor of Louis XIV., when he revoked the Edict of Nantes, and so cruelly persecuted the French Protestants. These historical allusions are familiar as household words in Spain, and are not less worthy of remembrance in England.

May England have the honour, under the Divine blessing, of actively promoting the establishment of Christian light and liberty in that long afflicted country!

W. H. R.

London, *November 20th*, 1856.

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3

A NARRATIVE,

&c.

I.

THE PLAGUE OF SPAIN.

THERE were times when Spain was indisputably one of the finest nations in the world; the Spain of Columbus and Cervantes, the parent of so many illustrious men, so many heroes; the model of chivalry and nobility, generous, humane, and scientific. Spain was once the first of provinces, and then the first of civilized nations, the luminary which chased away the darkness from a transatlantic world hitherto unknown; but in spite of the uninterrupted efforts of the most enlightened, virtuous, and intelligent of her sons, she has been under the fatal dominion of the Jesuits for more than two centuries.

Like all other countries where the influence of the followers of Loyola is predominant, Spain is now without credit, without influence, and almost reduced to utter insignificance. Like unhappy Italy, buried in indolence; like Portugal, threatened with extinction from the map of Europe; like Poland, covered with contempt; like South America, given up to anarchy, until it might almost seem that God had cast her off,

with all the marks of death. Ever since Loyola trod the Spanish soil, and there gave scope to the perfidious tactics and perverse plans which his ill-fated successors have so fully prosecuted, there have been left us no more glories of which to boast.

In our troubled country there has been no history, no peace, no liberty, no happiness, since that genius of reaction, that learned, astute, sagacious, and wily sophist appeared amongst us, and established the mysterious Society which was intended to destroy the beneficial results of the reformation of religion wherever else it spread its influence in the world. Sometimes this perverse Institute has been apparently suppressed; but yet it lives, and at this day eats out, like a cancer, the very life of once lofty Spain. Scandal of Christianity and civilization, it just now, more than ever, domineers over all in power, and even over the throne itself. It has got possession of society; it holds the reins of State; it keeps down in vile subjection the Sovereign, the successive Governments, and the people themselves; and is at once made rich and powerful by the gold of the Propaganda, by its own pious impostures, and by its cunning policy.

From the time that Jesuitism entered Spain, there has been no true religion. The Gospel is proscribed there no less than in the States of the Pope of Rome; and the Holy Scriptures, which lie covered with dust on the shelves of some ancient libraries, are displaced, elsewhere, by an official religion; one that excites enthusiasm, indeed, yet excites it only by its extravagance, and not by simplicity, but grossness, is debased to the apprehension of the most ignorant:—a religion mechanical, material, and sometimes impious; for even the Divine

Being is now represented as ministering to imposture by issuing autograph letters to deceive and cheat the multitude:—a purely sensual religion, contrived to make the people forget their oppressive and continual sufferings, alternating the lamentations of the wounded spirit of Jeremiah with the theatrical entertainments of Rossini; now with the devout Clara, and again with Sister Patrocinio and her wounds, and the famous crucifix that winks and bleeds, or with dancing in the churches, made more interesting by the *pirouettes* of the celebrated *petit-pas*.

This is the religion, this the Bible, this the Gospel that is exhibited in my beloved country, as I have already stated in a work for which I am suffering persecution, but which is so exactly true, that no one has ventured to attempt a refutation.

But, after all the efforts of those evil geniuses, notwithstanding the dark manœuvres of the descendants of the Peters and the Augers, that Camarilla which undertakes gently and paternally to conduct the people, the Government, and the throne to destruction, by ceaselessly infusing their poison into the entire mass of the nation, there is a real, positive, and palpable fact which every one must acknowledge; and this is, that out of this mass, half infected, as it is, by the corrupt leaven of Loyola, there have lately separated themselves, and now more than ever separate themselves in greater number than would be easily believed, an immense multitude of persons who keep themselves free from the contagion,—a body of powerful individuals, who are called to replace the statue of their country upon the pedestal of Spanish honour,—which yet remains in spite of so many and oft repeated losses and disasters,—and rescue their country

from the perfidy of that host which knows no other nationality, religion, or object of devotion, than a universal dominion for themselves.

II.

REFORMATION.

Some good men, full of hope, devoted themselves to the prosecution of a great object in the Constituent Cortes of 1854. They laboured for the realization of a fact, without which Spain would be still in the same condition as it was three centuries ago, cut off from the rest of Europe: and believing, as they could not but believe, that the sovereign Assembly had comprehended the grand idea, and fully appreciated the importance of the religious question, they felt perfectly at ease. But that very confidence, that silence into which they were betrayed, was induced by the delusive hope that stills and quenches the fervid aspirations of the soul. The truth is, that they were perplexed by the unsteady advance and the vacillating position taken by the legislative body; or, rather, by the lack of energy and feebleness of purpose in an insignificant number of members of those Cortes, and, above all, by the absence of direction and foresight in the Government.

However, although the majorities of votes gave a victory to the enemy, the question had been morally decided, and the force of reaction was greatly weakened by the memorable discourses of Degollada, Corradi, Montesinos, Ruiz Pons, Suris, Seoane, Salmeron, Figueras, and others, which made a profound impression on the public mind.

The people, the men of toil and industry, the real people, which had hitherto been kept asleep under the theatrical symphonies of the Jesuitico-Roman temples, and abandoned to the gloomy indifference of a shameful cynicism, awoke at the sound of the most solemn discussion that ever disturbed the atmosphere of the Iberian Parliament. The speeches of those who advocated the good cause were printed and circulated in great numbers; and in Barcelona alone ten thousand copies of the speech of Degollada were sold in a single afternoon. These discourses the people read over and over with avidity, all eager to catch the first sight of one. Much, *very* much, was said in those documents, which are now delivered into the charge of history; and, by the abundance and clearness of their light, they told powerfully for a time on multitudes accustomed only to the deep shades of superstition and of tyranny which had overspread Christianity itself. The publication of these discourses produced the desired effect on the best and finest portion of the Spanish nation: and, thanks to the active and earnest co-operation of the free press, people became familiar with the subject.

The press, that mighty instrument which has wrought such rich effects in our unhappy country during the brief intervals when tyrants have dropped the gag, poured in fresh light upon the Parliament, imparting new ideas, examining, criticizing, and distributing through the country everything that was there spoken, so that even the humblest understanding could comprehend it easily.

At length, conversation on the religious question became general in all circles, and was discussed warmly

even among the common people. And it is now an indisputable fact that the Constituent Cortes, the press, and the popular discussion of the question, have wonderfully diminished the deep darkness of that bigotry which oppressed the understanding of thousands, who, weary of Jesuitical and Papal tyranny, and detesting the ridiculous doctrines and practices of an official religion, imposed on them by main force, were yet prevented from following the religion of the Lord Jesus by the terrors of persecution, tortures, and fires; nor could they even catch sight of the written Gospel.

In order to give an enlarged and permanent circulation to the above-mentioned Discourses, I collected them, added a preface, and published them in a distinct form, and they obtained a considerable circulation. At the same time, I proceeded to publish in parts my work against the Jesuits, that perverse and mischievous Roman Institution, which, although routed again and again, regains all that it lost in the most flourishing period of its existence; and although the satellites of the Pope made some show of opposition, the Government regarded the publication favourably, and it found general acceptance.

In the religious "Basis" of the new Constitution, which was drawn up very obscurely, there was a place made possible, on one hand, almost for liberty of worship; but, on the other, THE TRIBUNAL OF THE FAITH might also establish its dominion, flexibly adapting itself to all circumstances, and, in times of reaction, it might even direct public affairs.

When matters were in that state, a few persons—and I the least of them—met together, in order to establish

some plan for keeping the ground which had been gained, and continuing, with faith and constancy, to sow that living seed whose fruit would be nothing less than the actual establishment of religious liberty.

I there proposed that some one should visit Great Britain, and confer with religious men, alleging, as my encouragement to such a measure, the unexampled piety of the British people, and the assistance they so generously render for spreading the Gospel among all nations of the world. My proposal was accepted without discussion, and supported by the majority of those present. I came to London; and as soon as my object was understood by some earnest promoters of evangelical doctrine, of true catholic Christianity, of the real Church of Christ, they afforded prompt assistance with a liberality which I must be permitted to acknowledge. Gentlemen of distinguished piety and zeal formed themselves into a Central Committee, which appointed, as one of its Secretaries, the Rev. Dr. Rule, well acquainted with Spain, with Spaniards, and with Spanish literature, and one who had disseminated the true doctrine in that country for some years, not without fruit, and whom nothing less than a clerical reaction, resembling that which is now dominant in the Peninsula, could have driven away by force from the beautiful city of Cadiz, after having laboured there with such good effects. Let me observe, by the way, that Señor Sancho, one of the Commission of Cortes who exerted themselves for the establishment of liberty of worship, confessed, in open Parliament, that nothing would surprise him less than to see a Protestant Church opened in Cadiz or Malaga.

III.

THE COUP D'ETAT.

On my return to Spain, I found the good seed springing up on all sides. My mission had produced a salutary effect. Societies and individuals in Great Britain rendered us liberal assistance. Books, tracts, and articles in newspapers circulated largely, freely, and with good effect. The liberal press afforded us powerful and decided help, contending, without reserve, against the system and the abuses of the antichristian Church of the Popes. The absolutist and clerical press fought with energy against us. The tract, "Andrew Dunn," was honoured with five leading articles in contradiction; and it may be confidently affirmed, that for the last two centuries and a half so much has not been said in Spain of the Reformed Church, of Protestantism and of its doctrines, as within the last two years.

Encouraged by the appearances of an evangelical renovation, both in the capital and in the provinces of my dear country, it was decided that I should also go to the United States of America, in prosecution of the same object which had taken me to England. Again Dr. Rule opened my way; and on that occasion my dear and indefatigable friend procured for me all that was necessary for the attainment of the desired object. Those faithful men who have preserved so constantly the deposit intrusted to them by their fathers, hastened, as soon as they saw me, to imitate their Christian zeal. New York, Boston, Bible Societies, Tract Societies, zealous individuals, united their contributions; and what they did to aid in the propagation of the Gospel in Spain will never be blotted out of my memory.

When I returned to my country, appointed agent of the American Bible and Tract Societies, and furnished with additional means for pursuing the work on which my heart continues to be fully set, I related what had occurred in my visit to those distant lands; and although my labours, and sufferings too, had not been light, I counted them as nothing, rejoicing that the religious feeling of America corresponded so entirely with that of the mother country, the one and the other being completely identified in this respect.

It was but the night before those days of slaughter, of which the recollection at this moment awakens horror,—a few hours before despotism and the Papacy, those two tyrannies which still afflict many nations, had set up one to be their instrument, whom three months afterwards they cast off as of no further service,—just the night before O'Donnell's *coup d'état*, I reached Madrid.

When that terrible struggle was over, while the streets were stained with the blood of good Spaniards, the houses of the best citizens laid in ruins, many unoffending men murdered with shot and sword, there stood the murderer, like a bull after the fight, when it lifts its head from the horse that it has gored to death, and seems to stand scared, contemplating with amazement the victim of its own cruelty. But civil tyranny is less cruel, less insensible to humanity, than that most cruel and intolerant priesthood. While O'Donnell was gazing with stupefaction, and perhaps with remorse, on the fearful results of his own murderous deed, the Priests, who have no social tie to restrain them, no natural affections that can relent,

and perhaps are without any faith beyond the instinct of selfishness and thirst for vengeance,—these Priests flung remorse to the winds, and set themselves to search for more victims.

"Mora, the infidel, the apostate, the impious, the liberal, the revolutionary, the pestilential heretic, that child of Satan; he that was educated among us, that was one of ourselves, and was once under our orders; that Protestant, whom at one time we regarded as one of our best advocates, but who is now so criminal, and so perverse; that infamous propagator of the Bible, the book which condemns us whenever our notes are wanting; that unwearied persecutor of the Holy Father, and of the holy, humble, slandered, poor, disinterested, and inoffensive Company,—the Company that is Christian by excellence, and of all other Fraternities the chief; persecutor of the most eminent and most laborious Jesuits, from him of Manresa until now,—Mora must be the first victim!"

It is agreed, then, that this infamous apostate shall disappear from the face of the earth. And there is nothing more easy to be managed. You Jesuits have a terrible association in your own hands that is quite ready to make away with him. The Government that tolerated him is annihilated. The Constitution which, to a considerable extent, guaranteed his safety, ceases to exist; Constitution and Liberty have passed away together. His friends are dispersed, or they prepare themselves for banishment, or they are doomed to be tenants of dark dungeons; and it is not likely that one who has informed the people of so many of your cabals and sacrilegious doings, will escape out of your power. You

can avail yourselves of this antichristian carnival, and under your hypocritical, yet faded, mask you can persecute him, and wreak your vengeance on him. But you must lose no time. You can commit all sorts of iniquity just so long as your day lasts; but there is another day coming, the day of enlightened society, the day of good men, the day of the Lord. He will not linger, but will come as a thief in the night.

IV.

MY ARREST.

About eight o'clock in the evening, on the 27th of August, a little more than forty days after the *coup d'état*, I left my house to take a walk, and enjoy the conversation of a few friends, after having spent the day alone in literary labour.

I reached the Prado, and was reflecting on an article I had written on the controversy between the *Univers* of Paris, and the *Ami de la Religion*. The subject so entirely absorbed my thoughts, that, instead of taking the less frequented walk, where we were accustomed to meet during the hot season, I turned off in the opposite direction, into the Paseo de Paris, where the youth and elegance of the Court are wont to assemble. With my head somewhat inclined, and looking thoughtfully downwards, I met a party of five or six men; and, just as I was attempting to make my way between them, received a heavy blow of a stick on my head, and instantly others followed, with a cry of, *"Al criminal! al criminal!"*

I was half stunned at the moment; but when the

assassin, as I thought him to be, seized me by the collar, I recovered sufficiently to say, "Have you done beating me?" "Yes, Sir." "Do you know me?" I continued. "Yes, Sir," he replied. "Then that is more than I can say of you." Holding me by the collar, he merely said, "Come with me;" and, others helping him, they dragged me away, broke my shins on a stone seat which lay in the path, and, not loosening their hold for a moment, dragged me through the Prado with yet greater violence than ever. I perceived a young officer at my side, with some other persons who gathered around and followed; and the officer kept a firm grasp of the hilt of his sword.

As soon as I could at all recover my recollection, I thought that the assailant must be one of the secret police, and that he had attacked me for my liberal opinions: and then again I fancied he must have mistaken me for some murderer, or other criminal.

Smarting from a heavy blow that had nearly broken my jaw, with my head and face in great pain, and with a dislocated finger of my right hand, which I had raised to cover my face, I kept silence as they led me to the office of the Civil Governor, inwardly thanking God that my hat and my wounded hand had saved my head from being broken.

The second thought which occurred to myself,—and I afterwards heard that many persons in the Prado had the same,—was, that the Jesuits must certainly have been at the bottom of the affair.

When we reached the civil court, and they presented me to one who acted for the Governor, I said, "This gentleman," (meaning the man who first assaulted me,)

—"although I do not know whether it was one or more, for many blows were laid on me with astonishing rapidity,—this gentleman, who has beaten me and brings me before you, must know *why*. I have been here amongst you as a public writer for the last two years; my work on the Jesuits has been commended in the Gazette; everything I have done has been done openly, and no tribunal has ever meddled with me." "Well then," said the person to whom they had brought me, "and why have they beaten you?" On this the man who had seized me said something in a low voice, which neither I nor two keepers who stood by could hear. The Governor then replied, addressing the assailant and my keepers, "I have nothing to do with this case; it belongs to another tribunal. Take him to *the Vicar General*."

Here I must observe, that when we came into the light of the office, where I could see the person who had attacked me on the Prado, I found that he was nephew of a Canon, Secretary to the Archbishop, and supposed to be the son of another who died, I know not how,—a person well-known in Madrid as Dn. Juan Leon. He is now a clerk of the Ecclesiastical Court, called "the Tribunal of the Faith," or, in other words, of the Inquisition, which, notwithstanding its abolition in the year 1834, was then again succeeded by this Tribunal,* which Tribunal revived once more in July last, amidst the roar of cannon.

On hearing that I was to be taken to the Vicar General, I replied again: "But this man has ill-treated me in the most cowardly manner, in a manner unworthy of a Castilian"— Interrupting me, the Governor

* For a full account of this Tribunal see the Preface.

came, bade us good night as he entered, and, almost without staying to look at us, as if he already understood the whole affair, and had hurried home before his time, desired us to walk up stairs. We went up, and were shown into a hall. After the pause of a few seconds, I standing between the guards, and the Vicar opposite, he began to deliver a somewhat rude and passionate harangue, with violent gesticulations. The following were his very words, as we all heard them:—

"I have been looking out for you for the last year and a half, Mora. Now Providence has put you into our hands—not *my* hands, but *ours*."

"It has brought me," I answered, with the calmness which never forsook me, "*to the garrote*."

More furious than ever, and gesticulating yet more violently, he continued thus: "You have written that wicked and sacrilegious book against the Jesuits. Yes, Sir, yes, Sir; you have written against the Pope, and against our holy religion, and you are a Protestant, and you have married. Repent, Sir, repent, retract. The Lord requires it of you,—Jesus Christ, God requires it. I beg you, Mora, as father of lost souls." These, and a few other words, harsher still, were the mildest things he said to me. In reply, I said,—we were all standing,—"Will you have the kindness to tell me if you have finished?"

"Yes, Sir; I have finished."

"Certainly, I am a Protestant, and have been so for many years, as you are well aware. And that you may better understand what 'Protestant' means, it signifies *Catholic Christian;* a Christian of the Church of Jesus, not the Church of the Popes. Thus, then, I am a Pro-

testant. I have written against the doctrines, practices, and tactics of the sons of Loyola, against the Papacy, against Rome and the religion which Rome professes, and which is not Christianity. I have married according to the Gospel. I have nothing to retract, absolutely nothing. I have written, and, as long as I can, will continue to write, against Rome and the Jesuits; and if a thousand burnings threatened me, I would not cease to be a Catholic Christian, nor would I desist from writing against the enemies of the doctrine of Jesus Christ. As for the rest, from the year 1854 to 1856, that I have been here among you, inhabitants of Madrid, I have written and spoken publicly; I have lived peaceably in my home, and suppose there is no literary man in Madrid who has not a perfect knowledge of my conduct. Among other friends, there are some of the Ministers who have governed Spain who know me intimately,—one, especially, knew me when I was a child,—and a large number of Deputies in Cortes, and among them some with whom I have been in communication nearly every day, and have often been seen with them in the most public places. The liberal press, too, has taken great notice of the numbers of my work on the Jesuits which have been issued, and of myself also."

Here I forgot to mention a remarkable incident, that *while I was in America*, they published in a newspaper, and on a hand-bill, which was largely circulated, that Mora and his wife, and, in the absence of Mora, an old friend of his, gave lessons in dancing, &c., adding the number of my house. Dr. Rule still possesses a printed copy of that hand-bill.

I leave the reader to imagine the foolish things which

the Vicar General said and did after listening to my calm reply. He drove me from his house with contempt and anger, and sent me back to the Civil Governor, himself going, meanwhile, to inform the Government of what had taken place with the contumacious heretic.

Between the two guards, with the Familiar leading, I went down stairs again. When we reached the street, the Familiar commanded us to wait there, and went back to confer with his Chief, whose residence and person he had just before pretended not to know. On seeing this, I suspected that a plan had been previously contrived; and if I had then known, as I afterwards knew, that the man who assaulted me was a dependent of the Vicar in the Holy Office, I should not merely have suspected, but have been quite certain.

When the Familiar came down again, the liberal guard placed himself at my side, and we three marched away together from the house of the semi-Pontiff to that of the Governor, who was then Don Manuel Alonso Martinez. There they left me in a sort of hall, and all eyes were immediately fixed upon me, especially of some whose opinions are anti-Romish.

There I asked for pen and ink, to send my wife a few lines, as it had grown very late, and she would certainly be surprised at my keeping such bad hours as the Vicar.

A man who was standing opposite, looking downcast and sad, instantly brought me writing materials. The name of this good man I cannot give without exposing him to danger, but may say that he proved a faithful companion in time of trouble. Never shall I forget him, although his name, like that of many others, as well as many affecting interviews which passed

between us, must necessarily be omitted. It would not be possible to describe the diligence and heartiness with which he laboured to serve me in those hours of sorrow, nor the consolation his tender care afforded me. I wrote to my wife as follows:—

"My dearest Eloysa,

"I am detained at the house of the Civil Governor, and am in the hands of the Jesuits. Do not fear. The consequence of my misfortune will only be, that the complete triumph of the religious principles I profess will be accelerated.

"Angel."

One of the hangers-on of the place took my letter, and after a short time brought it back again, and desired me to blot out what I had written about the Jesuits, "because," said he, "the Governor commands it." I drew a single line through the words, and gave him the letter. Half an hour afterwards they summoned me to the office of the representative of the Governor, this being the Secretary, whom I had seen before.

I went, and found the Vicar General alone with him. As for the man who had attacked me on the Prado like an assassin, they had dismissed him, to sleep at ease in his own house, without a word of rebuke. The Secretary bade me sit down, but not without turning to the Vicar, and saying, "If *you* please." I sat down in a corner of the room, on a wooden stool, and there remained, just opposite the two.

The Vicar repeated what he had said in his own house, in presence of the two guards and the Familiar.

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I also repeated what I had there said; and then, after some flattering expressions, concerning my "good capacity," and so on, he delivered a Philippic, such as a village Schoolmaster might have addressed to any obstinate and naughty school-boy. For my part, with greater force than before, but with equal calmness, I reiterated my first protest; and then added, "Here you have me, you may cut me up in any way you please," (*Tajen y corten por donde les parece,*)—a very significant expression with us. "I do not retract, and I never will retract." The Vicar flew into a passion again; and when his fury had subsided, the Secretary turned to him, and said, "That is a miserable fellow." The Secretary thus expressed himself before the Vicar; but I knew at the time that he did so merely to please him, and without wishing to injure me; and his conduct afterwards confirmed my opinion of him. Indeed, he had already said, when speaking of the Jesuits, that he thought of them just as I did, although he had studied with them.

I did not open my mouth in reply to that hard speech of the Secretary, but I did say, "I am a peaceable and industrious man, as you know; but even if I were the worst of criminals, no one has any right to lay hands upon me, not even the officers of justice, and much less to attack me in such a cowardly manner, and that in the most public walk of the city."

The Secretary said to me, "You may ask for the punishment of the person who struck you, by means of a memorial addressed to the Governor." "And what," added the Vicar, "do you desire should be done to him?"

I replied to both, "I neither ask, with memorial or without it, for the man to be punished; nor do I wish,

Mr. Vicar, that any thing at all should be done to him. You very well know that I could have punished him myself, and soundly too: I have courage and strength enough for that and more. All this you know; but, Mr. Vicar, I am, above every thing, a Christian, and therefore I forgive him with all my heart. That poor simple fellow is less to be blamed than others whom also I forgive."

Again the Vicar became exceedingly irritated, and commanded that I should be kept in close custody; but that, in consideration of who I was, and so on, it should be in a decent apartment.

I had felt sick, as I have already said, from the moment that the Familiar first made his Romano-Jesuitical attack; and interrupting his rage, or perhaps it should be said, *ending* it, I rose and said, "Mr. Secretary, whenever you please, I am at your service. I am very weary and have need of rest."

"Let them take you down to the Saloon," answered the Secretary. "Yes, yes," cried the Vicar, "down to the Saloon, and in safe custody, until I dispose of him." I bade them good night, and two policemen took me down a narrow stairway into the Saloon.

V.

"THE SALOON."

THIS Saloon was a dungeon, deep underground. Close by it were four open drains, where the stench, especially in those days of extreme heat, was excessive, while the filth that ran into them from all parts of the building made the dark passage that led to it almost impassable. One filthy mat, emitting a pestilential

smell, covered the floor of the dungeon, and another covered a large bench, or bed-place of mason work lined with wood. One of the walls, down which the wet was trickling, was perforated with two extremely dirty windows, opening into pits sunk from the pavement, and the glass all broken, with no possibility of closing them.

All the furniture of this place was a broken lantern, which the gaoler lit when it pleased him; and what with the open drains, and the liquids which the miserable prisoners were obliged to empty there when they called, but could not be heard, as happened to myself more than once, that wretched abode became a deadly place. It is here that criminals are commonly confined; and it is called the place of "detention," because they usually remain there no longer than twenty-four hours, until transferred to the public prison.

In this dungeon, where the guards, who are usually old soldiers, repeatedly told me that they could not remain over two days without great risk of health, I was kept four nights and three days.

As I took possession of this commodious saloon, as the Vicar called it, I saw three guards, and the turnkey of the dungeon. But here I must be permitted to observe, that these men were almost all liberals at that time; they were lovers of the people, and during the *coup d'état* they did not bear arms against them; and they had fought against tyranny together with the people: but the O'Donnell Government, everywhere surrounded with enemies, could not find men to supply their places, and therefore left them where they were.

Suffering great pain in my head and face, in the dislocated finger,—which still pains me,—and the right

side of my lower jaw being greatly bruised and inflamed, I asked for a surgeon, and begged to have a mattress brought from home.

The guards, and even the turnkey himself,—who now understood all about me, treated me with the greatest respect and consideration, and, so far as they could, diminished the severity of all the Vicar's orders,—complied with my request. The surgeon came, examined me, and said that he would give me a certificate whenever it should be called for.

An hour afterwards, as I was pacing to and fro alone, and abandoned to my reflections, my wife herself came into the dungeon, accompanied by a friend of mine, and a servant with the bed, and a little linen, as much as she could get permission to bring in. She came in spite of the Vicar's orders; for the servants of the Government sympathized with us. What expressions were exchanged, in presence of the guards, between two persons who love each other so tenderly, in that first interview, it is not easy to relate.

We both endeavoured to encourage one another. I sank down overwhelmed, and she, weeping and in agony, reiterated this entreaty, "*Have courage, my Angel, never retract.*" But she could not refrain from fearing the worst. "They will kill you," said she; "they will poison you. You know those dreadful men better than I do, and you know they will poison *you*, and then persecute *us*, until we die of grief. Yet," said she, "you have many friends, who, although they are now fallen, will interest themselves in your behalf, considering what may yet happen. Many have left Madrid, but some remain, and I will go to see them."

I answered her sorrowfully indeed, "My child,* I am in the power of the Jesuits. Those men have no *country*, no social tie; they care not if Spain, the throne, the people, all perish together, and if they who gave them being die the first. When their day comes, they act as if there were no to-morrow; yet at other times they are most cautious. When I came back to Spain by way of Navarre, I met, near the French frontier, six of them in one inn, apparently persons of consequence, and just three days before the revolution, ready for whatever might happen; and they abandoned Spain, leaving the country to be drowned in its own blood. These men have now more influence than my friends believe. Such power they have had from the day when a celebrated Father of the Company came to the Palace, and when an elevated Personage said to me, 'I fear that the Court is under their influence; for the King Consort, as you know, and as all Spain knows, is Chief and President of the Congregation of young men of St. Louis Gonzaga.'† If England and the United States do not interfere for the sake of *humanity* alone, breaking through the barbarous Inquisitorial laws which they can now revive again without any Constitution, and any laws, except their own caprice, no one can save me. However, do what you can; go and speak to them."

I then remembered a reply which the Vicar made me before the Secretary of the Government. When I had said, in answer to one of his questions, "I have always travelled with a Spanish passport, taken at this Government House, and I was in Spain under the safeguard of

* *Hija mía*, a term of familiar endearment.

† A famous Jesuit, who died in 1592, and was beatified in 1621.

the '*Basis*' of the Constitution," the Vicar quickly rejoined, "*There is no Constitution,—nothing of the sort.*" "Indeed," said I, "to this day the Government has not annulled it."* "No, no," continued the Vicar, "there is neither Basis nor Constitution now."

My wife left that filthy sty in such a state as any one may imagine whose heart has not been cast in the mould of Loyola. My friend stood motionless, like a statue, unable to articulate a word.

At six o'clock in the morning she left Madrid for Aranjuez, in order to apply to a personage whom I must not name, a gentleman of excellent heart and high qualities. This good gentleman received her with the same kindness and deference which he had always shown to myself.

I knew that, whatever help the Lord might send me, it must come from abroad; and while my wife was running in one direction, her good mother took her pen, and wrote to one who knows as thoroughly as the most clever Spaniard can know, what are the Inquisitorial manœuvres of my country. She told all that happened to Dr. Rule, who had always possessed the direct and immediate confidence of certain persons in Spain, in regard to all their labours for promoting the religious welfare of the country.

As for me, I lay buried in thought, until, the morning of the day following, I had sent for one of the dependents of the Government, and said to him, "I have reason to fear,—I do not speak without consideration,—that I shall be poisoned. Therefore, if my wife's mother, and

* This conversation took place on the 27th of August. The Constitution was annulled by a Royal Decree in September.

she alone, does not bring me food, I will not take any; absolutely none."

It was then eight o'clock, and I believe the Vicar was yet in bed, taking repose after the pious labours of the preceding night; but he granted my petition, his orders not having yet been carried to their utmost severity.

My mother-in-law soon came with a servant, and brought my accustomed breakfast. Again there were some distressing passages in this scene; for it was most difficult to let one of the best of mothers—more than seventy years of age—know that her son was brought into such a situation.

What with the weeping of mistress and maid, and the troubled countenance of the guard,—the guards were relieved every two hours, and were required to observe and report all that passed within the dungeon,—I had hard work to take a little nourishment; my keeper disposed of the remainder, and my mother-in-law went to ask permission to bring a bed, and some other articles of furniture. This petition was refused, and my damp mattress had still to serve for bed, chair, and table.

To occupy myself a little, and beguile my thoughts, although the guard was always present, I fell to reading the proofs of an article which I had written against the abuses of Rome and that humble Company! Yet the Government had suppressed the Company! But my head would not bear it, and I laid the paper under my pillow again, not without some disappointment to my guard, who had listened with pleasure and assent, just as most Spaniards do listen when those men are attacked who have oppressed, and still oppress, them.

The Vicar had not caused me to be searched; for perhaps he feared lest he should find his capital enemy, the Bible, on my person. I had in my pocket the only volume that could alleviate my sorrows. I had a New Testament, which a very pious person, one worthy of the highest estimation, had sent from England for my little boy. Not to give up my established custom, I read it to the guard; and he, willing to hear the doctrine of a book which he had only heard mumbled over in bad Latin, and worse reading, for many years, until he completely gave up the routine of going to the temples to yawn, kill time, or take a nap,—for he never understood a word spoken by the Ministers in their barbarous language, as St. Paul would call it,—readily paid attention.

After this I took some food with comparative comfort; and, sometimes shut up alone, and sometimes with a guard, passed the day. At night my mother-in-law came, but I could take nothing.

During the night two friends came; one a military officer, whose high rank secured him admission by the guards, and the other a political personage. Others were less fortunate, and had to remain outside. That the guard might not understand us, we conversed in French, enumerating the difficulties which lay in the way of my liberation, and agreeing that help should be sought from abroad, it being certain that every effort made in Spain would be nullified by the Clergy, who had now the management of the country in their hands, —the very persons to whom the liberal press attributed the late incendiary fires in Castile.

Next day, notwithstanding symptoms of a nervous

fever, and without taking food, I went to be examined. I spoke under the impression that I was before the civil authority; otherwise I should not have answered.

VI.

MY ANTECEDENTS.

Before coming to a new confession of the crimes against Jesuitism and Popery of which I was accused, I must premise a brief statement of some facts necessary to be known for the better understanding of what follows.

A profoundly religious feeling and love of virtue and of literature never left me at any period of my life, amidst the errors of youth or manhood. I could read when I was four years old, and kept at the head of the class in my first School, as my Master, who is yet alive, can testify; and, although his ideas are altogether contrary to mine, he still speaks of me as his favourite pupil. When I studied Latin in the College of the Esculapians,* I was always first, except once, when my fellow-student, Ciscar, took the place for a quarter of an hour. My Professors are still alive, and in Madrid. Never was there a more unruly boy, nor ever one more punctual in getting absolution for his boyish misdemeanours at the feet of a Confessor.

When in my sixteenth year, I found myself in the (Dominican) College of Asiatic Missions, but not of my own will. They told me that some who represented God in the world would be careful to guide my soul, and that I might go on with confidence, until I should

* Regular Clergy, whose occupation consists in teaching the *Escuelas Pias*, or Elementary Schools of Spanish and Latin.

win the mystic Paradise of Loyola.* As at that age I was not the best qualified to judge of such an offer, I obeyed, and went, and applied myself so earnestly to attain the chimerical felicity of their contemplative life, that had I gone much further, they might have sent me to a madhouse to find it there.

One of their fraternity took the direction of my soul; and what with his counsels and my exaggerated penances, in half a dozen years I was completely unnerved. My body, too, suffered so much under the mortifications which I applied to it, including extremely rough hair shirts, that it still bears many scars, as the Doctor, whom the Tribunal sent to visit me, discovered. Although I did not fail to earn as much applause as formerly for advancement in learning, a medical man, who fully understood my case, certified, at a time when all could see that I was far from being in good health, that I was sometimes attacked with an affection of the head, which, if not removed, might at some time end in incurable madness.

Having returned home with leave of absence, I remained there a considerable time, in doubt whether I should not lose my senses,—daily afflicted with fits and swimmings of the head, and haunted with serious doubts concerning the proud and pitiless religion of Rome.

The friendship of a learned Jansenist, well known in Madrid, Don Pedro Sainz de Baranda, Member of the

* The reader will be pleased to observe that the Director of this Institution was not a Jesuit, but a Dominican. This order has always been strongly opposed to the Jesuits, yet they agree in the fantastic asceticism of Loyola; and the General of the Dominicans lately supported the Jesuits in asking for the Papal confirmation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

Spanish Academy of History, soothed my conscience; and this was the principal cause of my passing from depth to depth, until the termination of my ecclesiastical career. But I continued for a very short time only—a few months—under the influence of Jansenism; for, by comparing its doctrines with those of the Bible, with which I had been familiar from the time that I began to study theology, I altogether abandoned the clerical profession, and applied myself to the study and teaching of philosophy.

Henceforth I was a Protestant. From that moment I abjured all belief in Rome, her system, and her doctrines; but as I was entirely occupied in teaching philosophy, the Jesuits thought nothing more of me; and there were many other wandering sheep who, like myself, had forsaken the deadly path which the Popes marked out for us.

Before becoming a Professor, attached to the section of Philosophical Sciences, in the University of Madrid, I had published a compendium of philosophy, adapted to a programme of the Government, and there, treating of morals and religion, had put forth some views which might offend the system and doctrines of the Church of Rome. The Council not only let them pass, but my compendium was recommended, under the sanction of a Royal Order, to be adopted in the establishments of instruction; yet, notwithstanding this, I had propounded the doctrine then sanctioned by the Government that entire obedience is due to the Pope.

I did not then know the family of Loyola sufficiently to form an exact judgment of them, although I entertained a settled dislike of their doctrines. Subsequently, when I was Professor of Philosophy in the Polytechnic

College, where there was an assemblage of aristocracy and wealth, and I had acquired a more intimate knowledge of Jesuitism, I ventured to tell the head of the establishment, in writing, that I should retire, assigning as my reason that the instruction and the method were essentially Jesuitical. The Director of the College wrote against my little Treatise on Philosophy, and it was disposed of at his pleasure. The consequence is, that not a hundred copies were sold in Spain, except in the Universities, Colleges, and Institutes, although it was recommended, in preference to every other, for use in the Schools of Primary Instruction.

Then it was that the Jesuits fixed on me, and then I entered on the course which conducted me to the place out of which I have lately escaped. Publicly and privately I continued to manifest my aversion to Rome by word of mouth and in writing, but with moderation, and without noise. The Academy of Instruction, Primary, Elementary, and Superior, had a gratuitous Chair of Morals and Religion; and while I occupied this Chair, I always took the New Testament for my text-book, and saw amongst my auditory a multitude of persons, most of them older than myself, who were preparing to be themselves teachers; and I then observed the long established tactics of Jesuitism for fighting against the Bible. Manifestations of hostility, trifling in themselves, yet sufficient to show that much worse might be expected, induced me to relinquish the post, rather than be drawn into open conflict.

Political reaction grew stronger and stronger, and the influence of the Clergy was gradually rising to the pitch which it has now attained.

Circumstances led to the partnership of myself and a Canon of considerable influence in the management of a literary concern. The Canon and I went on most harmoniously, until he endeavoured to impose a condition to which I could not consent, from a conviction that it was unjust; and then the Jesuit furies were let loose upon me, and my own experience taught me, more clearly than ever, the character of the Romish Clergy and the Jesuits.

In the year 1850, when the reaction was almost at its height, the Vicar General then in office being a fit person to follow out the views of that party, he called me, after seven years had elapsed from the time of my first protest, to return to the Church of Rome, but found it impossible to effect his object. The persecution was then terrible, but the means which were then employed to bring me back had no other effect than to drive me from my country; however, I did not leave it without giving him previous notice, and obtaining a regular passport from the Government.

During those days of trial two incidents occurred which I cannot pass over without notice. The first was, that a person made his way into my house with intent to take my life, and, in order to defend myself, I had to make stout resistance. This person was nephew of one of the first Ecclesiastical Authorities. About the same time occurred the other, which was far more serious; so serious that I have never fully recovered from its effects. They say that it was an attack of spasmodic colic. I said, on the first appearance of the symptoms, that I was poisoned. My partner, the Canon, must have thought it a very bad kind of colic; for while I was in

bed, without saying a word to me, as if fearing that I should depart to another world, he brought a lawyer,—a friend of mine, certainly, and one who has known me from my childhood,—to take possession of the literary property of which I was the principal proprietor. By means of the baths which are used in cases of poisoning, with other remedies, I recovered from that attack; but it brought me very near death, and from its effects I have never been quite free.

Once out of Spain, I attached myself to Protestantism, and to this moment have not swerved from this profession. In Bourdeaux especially I attended the meetings of MM. La Harpe and Douesnel. In London I was married in a Protestant Church. My wife's heart and conscience have always been entirely in unison with my own, and we entered my country with our child Henry, and with her mother, under the protection of liberal opinions, of toleration, and of many excellent friends.

So long as the liberal party has been in power we have lived in peace. I have spoken and written publicly, spread Protestant truths without restraint and without concealment, and been at the same time connected with persons of the highest rank, who know me intimately, and who know how much I have suffered, and what Jesuitical means have been employed on various occasions to destroy my reputation, my usefulness, and my life.

VII.

CONFESSION OF THE TRUTH.

After undergoing an Interrogatory according to the prescribed form, I repeated my *protest* for the third

time, in writing, and with my signature appended. It was to this effect:—

"I AM a Catholic Christian. That is to say, I am a Protestant. I have been so ever since I reached the age at which I could judge for myself with confidence, free from bias or coercion, and could fully estimate the responsibility that I assumed before God and man.

"I am a Protestant, for I have written against the Institution of Loyola. I have married in conformity to the Gospel of Jesus, and in conformity to the true Church. And I again affirm that the Church of Rome is not the Church of Jesus, but is in error. I do not now expound the reasons on which I rest, as I have rested hitherto, for believing and doing as I have believed and done.

"I have obeyed God, and Him will I obey, rather than men, whether those men be called Bishops or Popes.

"I therefore add, that if it be necessary for me to suffer martyrdom, that I may give testimony to these things, here am I—you have me in your hands.

"ANGEL HERREROS DE MORA."

The Interrogatory itself was too trifling to merit a record, and it was protracted by a dialogue with my old fellow-Professor, the Vicar. Politics furnished one part of the accusation: but I suppose that, as the Government respected my opinions, I need not be at the trouble of repeating them, but confine myself entirely to the principal matter in which we are engaged, which is *religion*.

The Interrogatory being ended, I returned to the

Dungeon, under the usual escort. I had not long been there when a gentleman of high rank, a foreigner, came to see me. Notwithstanding the orders they had received, the guards kept so far at a distance, that they could not hear what we said, speaking in a whisper, or very low voice. With my hope always fixed on succour from abroad, we conversed, or perhaps I should rather say that I spoke without ceasing, of England and the United States, leaving France quite out of the question. The visits of this gentleman were a great comfort to me.

After the gentleman left, the rusty, broken, glassless lantern was lit up, and I began to address the guards. All, except *one*, of whom I shall speak presently, I found quite ready to hear, and to render me great respect, kindness, and attention, even to their own hazard. Indeed, they had to suffer on my account; the Vicar had some of them arrested, and others were removed and sent to do duty elsewhere; but in the teeth of threatenings and punishment, and the horrid state of the Dungeon, I always found them disposed to embrace my doctrine and to alleviate my sufferings.

While speaking to the guard on the doctrine of the Gospel, there was a call at the Dungeon door. It was my mother-in-law, who, after having brought me dinner without success, now brought my supper.

Soon after, and I know not how, another friend found his way to me. This was a public writer. We three talked together for a short time on the attempts that might be made on my behalf; but my friend heard, without seeming to think much of any of them, and I myself knew that all such attempts would be vain, and

expected that there would be nothing for me but death, probably by poison.

They both left me, so did the guard, and after adjusting my bed I tried to fall asleep, but in vain. Fever, the thought of all my family, the remembrance of that colic, of Tournon, of Ganganelli, and of others, whose labours, agonies, and deaths I had depicted in my work, drove away sleep, and between dreamy slumbers and wakeful horrors I lay till day.

This morning my wife came between two servants of the Government. As soon as I saw her from my bed, I begged her, in French, to speak low; for I read in her countenance the result of her mission. Some little good there was, but—the influence of the Jesuits? He who came from France, and the King Consort his protector and Brother! Strong must be the hand that would dare to turn aside that hand which, heavier and heavier, weighed down upon me, aggravating the horrors of my situation; and none could presume to attempt to help me without exposing himself to the greatest danger. I implored her to be silent. She wept, she wiped away her tears, and in turn she tried to comfort *me*.

They left me alone, and there was I in a worse condition than ever. The Judge had seen my declaration. The orders were made more and more stringent, and the order was given to remove me, and absolutely to refuse access to every person.

The guard had left. My pains increased, and the pestiferous damp of the place now soaked my bed.

My poor child begged to see his papa before he got into the hands of those "holy men!" The little fellow, much more talkative than we could wish, came with his

grandmother, ran to my bed-place, caught me by my neck, and cried, *Papa mío! los Jesuitas te van á matar. Yo pido á Dios que no te maten.* "My papa, the Jesuits are going to kill thee. I pray God they may not kill thee." And this was all he could say; for at the last word the child's speech failed, and he could not articulate a word distinctly for some days afterwards.

Alexander VI. would not have understood a scene like this; nor those who tear out of the New Testament the words, *Unius uxoris vir, filios habens,* "Husband of one wife, having children." But the scene was over, and now the door opened, and in came tumbling one of those hangers-on, in disguise, to have a little chat with me on politics, just as another had done before, that he might get me to talk against the Vicar, the *Polacos,* and the Jesuits.

As for the first, I punished him by reading a chapter out of the New Testament; but this one I mortified by marked contempt. He began to read newspapers in a loud voice, and I begged him to lower his voice, because I was very sick. The Vicar had sent orders to receive me to the crows in mask at the place whence I afterwards escaped; and he wished to know whether I was ready to receive his visit, and hear what he had to say.

My dear wife seemed as if she multiplied her presence, and was to be found everywhere, exposing herself, by means unknown to me, to the greatest peril. A voice in French, through the key-hole of the dungeon door, fell upon my ear: "Do not speak. That fellow is a *sbirro.*"

VIII.

VICAR PANDO.

A FEW moments afterwards the *sbirro* walked away, and the Vicar, with an officer of rank belonging to the Government, entered the "Saloon," where he had commanded them to place me. I lay in a most profuse perspiration, to which, perhaps, my life was owing.

The Vicar, without cloak or hat, in cap and cassock, addressed me thus: "Good day, Mora." "Good day, Pando," answered I. Then he made me listen to a set harangue, delivered in a very loud voice, which I interrupted with a request that he would reserve it for some better occasion, saying that my head would not bear it, that his strong voice pained the drums of my ears, and that I had passed a very bad night. "Indeed he has," said the officer, "a very bad night." However, the Vicar continued his premeditated speech; and at the end of it he placed himself upon his knees, and, stretching out his arms, said, by way of conclusion, "Ask me what you will, all—all—all that you wish. Come with us! I will provide you with everything; I will give you employments, honours, money—everything. NOBODY *shall know it.*"

The officer, finding that the harsh voice grew so sweet and bland, hearing such kind promises, and contemplating such impressive gestures of the Most Excellent and Most Illustrious Vicar, fallen on his knees before me, could not refrain from putting in his word also. "Yes, yes, he ought to do as the Señor Vicario tells him. No man could do more." But this officer did not yet know what lies under the cassock.

The holy man, seeing that I was not to be moved, suddenly broke out into a furious exclamation: "Do you see? He is making jest of me. Away with him to the Prison! Away with him this moment! Do you hear? This moment! This moment! We shall see! We shall see! Hey!"

A few minutes afterwards I heard that gentle voice again, which at once softened and rent my heart, speaking through the key-hole: "Do not fear. Be careful not to chill, my Angel. The Government is not willing to let them remove thee."

This gave me great encouragement.

Here I must be allowed to omit two scenes which followed, and which it surpasses my power to describe.

The Vicar would never believe that the Saloon, the blows, the sufferings I underwent, could have the least effect upon my health; yet one of the most eminent physicians had certified that I was sick with nervous fever, and that my remaining in that place might be attended with serious consequences.

An hour after the Vicar left, six men were brought by two dependents of the Government, and, taking the mattress and Mora on their shoulders, carried me to a chamber in the upper part of the house, my dear wife walking by my side, in spite of the orders and menaces of the Vicar.

Thus were the powers of Jesuitism frustrated by the influence of one of the kindest hearts that I ever knew. O that I could place on record a memorial of gratitude, without exposing to their vengeance that powerful hand which interposed between the executioners and the victim!

Circumstances assure me that the time is not far distant, when the broken chains of tyranny will fall into the dust; and then the restraint which, to my regret, prudence imposes on my pen, will also cease, and I shall be able to make known publicly the gratitude I have already expressed in private.

You, lady, knowing by your own experience what certain people are capable of doing, with the courage that I well understood, displaying talents and virtues well known to both the bad and the good, penetrated into a place which your presence ought never to have honoured, to wrench me for the first time out of their grasp, to parry the first blow, which is always the most terrible, of those cruel hangmen who know neither charity nor pity.

Although the second cell was small and close, my position was there very much improved; and the hatred of the Chiefs and Familiars of the Holy Office was aggravated more and more by the resistance which the Government opposed to carrying me away to a Hospital, among diseased criminals, as the Vicar desired.

I well know that the Government wished to release me. I myself often witnessed, on various occasions, a conflict between the Spanish authority and the power of the successor of Nithard; but the importunities of the high dignitaries,—as they are called,—the chiefs of the priesthood, were urged continually. These persons were seen daily in the Governor's office, and elsewhere, and the contest for some time hung doubtful. The Government, it is true, regarded me as their political enemy; but I must here place on record a fact which is to myself morally certain,—that, as soon as ever they

obtained exact information on my case, they endeavoured to persuade the Tribunal of the Faith to allow me to go abroad, and accept expatriation in exchange for a severer penalty.

The parents of those who now belong to the Moderate party, and a great part of our aged men, are precisely those who have suffered most from the priesthood during the earlier periods of liberal government. This party in general, as well as all the Liberals, detest the priesthood, although now, as formerly, they are linked in with it by men of whom this is not the place to speak.

Observing that communications were now more difficult than before, and having heard that not even my mother-in-law would be permitted to bring me food, I sent for the Inspector General of Public Security, and addressed him thus :—

"I must repeat to you, Mr. Inspector, what I said before, when in the Dungeon, that I will not eat or drink anything whatever, unless it be brought me by some one from my own house. I have good reason to believe that they intend to poison me, and will do so, unless I use this precaution. You may have observed that, although I have said this to yourself and to all the others, those who are instruments of Loyola keep a profound silence. I therefore hope you will allow my family to bring food and water from my house, and that the guard which I have requested will not leave me alone, lest some other attempt be made upon my life."

The Inspector, who was attentive, kind, and in every respect a gentleman of right feeling, instantly acceded to my request. My mother-in-law was the medium

of communication between myself and my friends; and thus I gained information of all that passed outside, and of nearly all the steps taken by the Jesuits.

The newspapers were not permitted to speak a word. An article in one of them on my case was suppressed by the Censor; but the guards, who also did duty in the streets of Madrid as policemen, served instead of newspapers. My case became the subject of general conversation, even in the taverns. The sound part of the population, and even many of the unsound, were on my side, and, above all, the great mass of working men.

Meanwhile, my wife went from place to place: she applied to the Ministers, she consulted with my friends, and with many whose great influence I considered might have weight to deliver me from those iron clutches.

The President of Council, General O'Donnell, after receiving her with the greatest kindness and delicacy, consoled her with the assurance that, so long as he was at the head of public affairs, he would not suffer them to commit any violence on my person. But the good General must have known that, in spite of his assurance, I should be quite as much at their mercy as he himself has been. There is a sinister shade that glides behind the throne, manages the pleasure of the Crown, and sets at nought every obstacle to the consummation of his dark designs.

The Vicar had the unmerited honour of seeing that mysterious goodness which exerted itself in plucking the prey from the jaws of the tiger. With all the talent which that goodness incontestably possesses, it was disappointed.

Certainly there is a sort of beings who live, make

themselves merry, and meanly submit themselves even to the most trifling whims of the great ones of the earth. These feeble beings—feeble with the strong—are themselves petty tyrants over the poor and weak. On this occasion, however, the Vicar behaved like a man strong with the strong, as on the day of his battle in the street.

My wife went *to him* also, and her doing so was the greatest of all griefs that could befall me. Her never failing affection towards her husband, sharing a great part of his sufferings.....Her child and mine!

The Vicar told me, with an air of triumph, that my wife had been to see him, and that she had been begging him, kneeling at his feet. But he did *not* tell me what I shall now relate.

"Mr. Vicar," said she, "you were once a companion and friend of my husband. Pray have compassion on me, and on my child. I know that you have children of your own; I know that, and you cannot say that you have not."

"Señora, Señora, I am chaste. I promised chastity, and I carefully observe it. Get out of my house,—out of my house."

Thus he would have dismissed her, lavishing those ornaments of language which the eloquence of sanctimonious gentlemen of the kind does not disdain to use.

"Yes," continued my wife, refusing to be silenced, "Yes, you are the father of children, and you ought to have the compassion of a father. And here is mine,—here is mine,—look upon him, here is mine, a child that loves his father, and the very image of his father he is. Pray have pity on my child."

And what did the Vicar General say to this?

"*Señora! I swear to you by God, by God who hears what we are saying, and on the faith of a Priest, that you shall never see your husband again,—never, never.*"

"Well! well!" replied my wife, "that oath assures me that the God by whom you swear will have pity on my husband, and save him."

I cannot relate all that happened while I was in this cell; and, indeed, there were days when I lost command of my own thoughts.

IX.

THE PHYSICIANS.

I HAD asked for a medical attendant in whom I could place confidence, and the Government acceded to my request without a moment's hesitation. My own Physician was just then absent in England; and my friend who first came to see me sent another. Until that time I had not known this young man, of whom I fear to speak, lest my words should appear to be the effect of the extreme warmth of my gratitude towards him. He had been a pupil of the Vicar, was very friendly with him, and respected him; and although I had no previous knowledge of him myself, he had heard of me. I cannot tell how hard this young Doctor laboured for me, and what representations he made on my behalf. Three times every day he visited me, and three times every day had the kindness and patience to go to the office of the Inspector, and ask for the permission without which it was impossible to enter.

Two Doctors and Professors of the College of Medi-

cine came from the Tribunal of the Faith, to know whether I was very sick or not; and also to ascertain whether I could be removed on a bed to the place where I was afterwards confined.

One of these was a devotee, but a sincere man, so far as I could judge; the other was both liberal and intelligent.

The first, a Professor of Anatomy, before proceeding to feel Mora's pulse, betook himself to inspect the heretic. What kind of forehead? what nose? what head? passing his hand over each part. The other surveyed me with an air of compassion that struck me very forcibly; and this he did without caring for the presence of an ugly fellow, extremely deformed, who seemed to be noting the words, countenances, and gestures of every one there. This thrice ugly person—whose soul must surely be as deformed as his body—was the Notary of the Holy Tribunal, and much more clever, although younger, than the Vicar. Clever, indeed, the Vicar never was; and I should say so now, as his lack of sense may at some future time serve as an excuse for his conduct.

This Notary must surely be affiliated to the Society; and why may he not, since even the King Consort is? And besides bearing, to my mind, the very countenance of the Company, he was to all who came near, and especially to my good Physician, the most disagreeable of men.

Shortly afterwards I heard that the Doctors not only agreed that I was indeed very ill, but reported that it would be impossible to remove me, either in bed or out of it.

The Government took advantage of this strong reason, and so gave complete satisfaction to my friends, resist-

ing the haughty and shameless importunities of the inhuman Tribunal, whose wretched instrument throughout the whole was that shallow and vain Vicar.

One sorrowful night I was surprised and delighted to see some Deputies in the late Cortes, friends of mine, persons highly respected in the advanced Liberal party, come into my cell. I thought they were going to communicate some good news, after the immense efforts they had made, speaking and making interest with persons of high dignity in the State; but what was my surprise at hearing from their lips, "There is no help! We can only say that your Judge has promised us to dispatch your case quickly; and as there is not now any other resource left, we shall closely watch his movements, to see whether or not he keeps his word; and if he does not, keep up your courage; for *it will then be necessary to get you out of their hands by force.* When the case is finished, they will deliver you over to the civil authority, and here we shall have you again on other ground."

They said no more, and bade me say nothing; for they knew that, however indulgent the highest authority might be, the walls had ears. We were in the midst of the Police. I kept silence, and with the greatest gratitude heard their words of consolation.

X.

VIOLENCE.

Next day they gave me notice that the Vicar and that *vera effigies* of Jesuitism, the Notary, were coming to continue the process, as they call it.

At the appointed hour they made their appearance. They angrily turned out my guard, shut the door, and the Judge began.

"Good afternoon, Mora."

"Very good afternoon, Señor Pando."

"The most excellent and most illustrious Judge," added the Notary, "wishes to know whether you are in a disposition to answer questions which will be put to you on the process in this case."

"O yes," the Vicar replied for me, with that sort of amiability which always turns into perfect rage, "you are quite disposed, I am sure."

"But you see that I am not, my head is in a very bad state, and I fear I could not fix my attention on any point. Besides, you need not"—

(*The Notary.*) "Say, 'Your Most Illustrious Excellency!'"

"Your Most Illustrious Excellency needs not trouble himself. Whatever I have said in my profession of faith and of Protestantism, is already on record: I will rectify any inaccuracy, but I neither can nor will retract."

(*The Notary.*) "Very well, then, read this, or listen, do you hear?" &c., &c.

Then the Notary began reading with a very loud voice, but I stopped him with an entreaty that he would not make such a noise. "Do not, I beseech you; that noise torments me, I cannot make anything out. I am a Protestant: I beseech you, do not trouble me any more."

At this the Minister of Peace started up like a fury, beating the floor violently with his feet, shouting and roaring at such a rate, that those on the outside—for there were always several policemen outside the cell—

heard every word. Then, coming close to my bed, he laid his hands upon me, and bawled, "I will give you the gag; I will bind you hand and foot, and carry you away." My ears rang with a great noise, and, stunned with the confusion, I became utterly insensible.

When I came to myself, I saw the guard who stood alone at my side, now sighing heavily, and again exclaiming against the religion that has such Ministers.

"When you cried for help, I was at the door listening, in case you needed it."

"My courage left me when the Vicar came to the bed. In that moment I thought of the Priest Merino, when he approached another person;* and the terrible thought arose of what he might carry under his cloak. I was terrified when I found myself without you, and beyond that I know nothing more."

The Vicar, the Jesuits, and the spies that were both in the house and on the outside, never believed that I was sick; so accustomed are they to feign and to dissemble, that they judge others by themselves.

The Doctors came back again the day following with the Notary, and repeated the very same scene as before. The certificate was, with a trifling difference, the same as the other.

As guard was relieved every two hours, some of them did not know my Physician: an old friend who wished to see me, finding one of the Doctor's cards in my house, introduced himself with it just two minutes before the Doctors. The Notary reported the fact; the guard was frightened; and they commenced proceedings against my Physician with so great avidity, the object of

* The present Queen of Spain, Isabel II.

attack being a good man, that if I had not made a declaration of the whole matter, innocent as he was, he might have been transported.

As the anger of the Jesuits waxed hotter, so did my situation grow worse every moment.

That they might not do with my letters in the Post-office what they had done with my books at home, friends took all necessary precaution.

My mother-in-law brought me a letter, and, at the same time, sad news. The Police, led by a remarkable sort of person whom she felt sure to be an agent of the Holy Office, entered my house, went into my study, and seized the best part of my books, together with my portfolio, and all the papers that were in it.

When a man refuses to approach the Confessional, and pour out his own secrets, or the secrets of others, into the receptacle of that dark *Police Office*, he must be prepared to experience how the Jesuits and their miserable instruments get to know the secrets of families.

The Alcalde of my District was a very good sort of person, who, although he scarcely knew me, entertained a very good opinion of me, and had to be present at that pious robbery. They had orders,—as one of them told my mother-in-law, and another person, whom I must not involve in trouble by mentioning the name,—to seize *the manuscript* at any cost. They knew that I had long finished the manuscript of my work on the Jesuits. And this was the first thing they found after taking possession of the principal floor of my house. Having got this, they desisted from their search, considering that they had found what they were sent for. The Socialists ought to note this fact, in antici-

pation of the time when the Fathers call them to account, and talk to them concerning *the right of property*.

XI.

THE DAWN OF HOPE.

THE letter was from Dr. Rule, and the pious felony, and all the troubles we had passed through, were forgotten, after the reading of that letter. My wife came afterwards, and we held a conversation in French. We embraced each other—we wept—we laughed—we forgot everything—we forgave our tormentors! The news was of the greatest importance to the whole family. Christians all over religious England were interested for us.

Known to my friends in Spain by his enlightened correspondence, Dr. Rule was the person in whom I, and others also, had placed confidence, and sent information of whatever was done in the course of our religious labours in Spain. Zealous for the propagation of the Gospel in my country, he had taken up my cause as if it were his own; and his indomitable activity gave us assurance that if he made our situation known to some of those powerful advocates of the Gospel of Jesus, to some of those men who labour without ceasing in the propagation and defence of the true doctrine of Jesus, and had already given real and positive proofs of a special regard for my beloved country, their sympathy would not be spent in vain.

Besides, the Earl of Shaftesbury had been at the head of those fellow-labourers who happily initiated efforts

for the religious benefit of my country, and is also President of that body which had already succeeded, by such means as prudence suggested, in delivering defenceless victims from the power of the iniquitous Tribunal.

The name of the Honourable Arthur Kinnaird was for me another of the best guarantees. The sound and generous heart of that worthy Member of the British Parliament, his unconquerable attachment to the cause of civil and religious liberty, his genuine love of the doctrine of Jesus, and his Christian piety, were well known to myself. Those two influences, and the activity of the Doctor, formed a sort of Evangelical triad, reinforced by the fervent prayers which my English brethren offered up to God for the deliverance of the victim. All this we dwelt upon with joyful expectation, with a strong and well-founded hope that we should yet find an asylum under the hospitable shelter of the laws of Great Britain.

The intelligence spread rapidly among my friends, who remembered the names of the Madiai and others, and confidence increased. Thenceforth my escape from the cell became the first object of consideration, and that object was eventually effected; thanks be to God, and to the efforts of Christians!

The Tribunal of the Faith also heard of the letter, through some of my friends, each of whom gave his own comment on it; and I can confidently affirm, that this unexpected application made the ears of the Inquisitors tingle as nothing yet had done.

After being shut up in this cell, I did not forget my established custom as a *propagandist;* and the guards,

with one exception, had all caught the same contagion when they left me. Of three hundred men, of whom the corps consists, perhaps I became acquainted with two-thirds. But not guards only, the dependents of the Government also shared in the communications of the arch-heretic. Our conversations were favourable, and always turned on pagan Rome. We talked on all subjects relating to Popery, confession alone excepted, of which it was not necessary to speak, as all my new catechumens had for years past followed the fashion which is now general,—the fashion of absenting themselves from the Confessional. We always closed our conversations by speaking of the Gospel.

The Doctors came to see me for the third time, together with the Notary, who asked me if I was better. "Yes, gentlemen," I answered, "English air much refreshes me." The Professor of Anatomy began to admire my head, as usual; and this led me to say, that if my head was really as good a one as he professed to think it, it would be a great pity for the Jesuits to make away with it; and then, just that the Notary might hear, I recounted assassinations and poisonings that the Fathers had committed, the number of persons publicly executed in different nations, their hatred of the Gospel, how the political Jesuits carried on their intrigues in Madrid, and much more of the same kind. They listened in silence, while I proceeded just as inclination led, and concluded by saying that I hoped to get out of bed the next day. My good Doctor hoped that I should.

Neither the orders of the Tribunal, nor the fact of my being a prisoner, nor the pressing engagements of civil

Authorities, could deprive me of the occasional visits of some influential friends. But one visit there was which caused me the most poignant grief. I cannot possibly describe it. It was a visit from my mother, who is more than seventy years old, and, besides her many virtues and long-tried charity, she deserves to be counted with the best of mothers. After all the sorrow and suffering she had experienced from hearing of my arrest, she came one morning to see me. She came quite alone, and, without more than asking for the cell where her son was, walked in boldly, and nearly reached it without hindrance. "Who are you, lady?" said three or four Government servants, when she had mounted nearly a hundred stairs. "*I am his mother! I am his mother!* They have killed him by this time." I heard these last words; but I did not hear any one answer a syllable.

She came straight into my cell, looked on me, and spoke not a word. There she stood, speechless,—just as on another day, when she saw me again in the midst of the "holy family" in the Convent whence I made my escape, just as when Colonel Riego saw her there the second time,—and then, falling back against the wall, I thought she had died. But this terrible scene I am not able to describe.

However, God came to her help and mine at last; that life, all but extinguished, recovered itself again, and its restoration is chiefly due to the hope of my safety which the good news from those religious men in England had now awakened.

XII.

ATTEMPT TO POISON.

My mother-in-law always brought me a supply of water; or if she failed to do so, I took the precaution of not drinking any other until the guard had tasted it.

One morning a young servant girl came with chocolate instead of my mother-in-law; and as soon as she had given it to the guard, he poured it into a cup, and I took it in his presence. My mother-in-law always brought me water in a bottle, and besides this bottle there was an earthen jar, out of which the guard drank, and she used to fill both bottle and jar from the fountain in the street. Such precautions did we take, knowing the enemies with whom we had to do, and always remembering the indigestion caused by a glass of water to Cardinal Tournon, Delegate from the Pope to China.

It was eight o'clock in the morning, at which hour we expected the relief-guard. The guard who was to leave, the same that had given me the chocolate, had been with me before, and, like all the others, displayed great interest in me, and served me most respectfully. "There is no water here, Sir," said he: "would you like me to bring some?" "Very well," said I; and he brought some from the large tub or butt that served all the inmates of the house.

On returning, he said, "Here is the water, I will drink some first;" took my glass and drank before me, rinsed it, and handed it to me. I looked at it, drank, and, as he was filling it again for himself, the relief-guard came. He drank it off, left the glass and jar upon the bench, and was marched away.

The new guard, instead of speaking to me, as all the

others, for obvious reasons, were accustomed to do, sat down at the left-hand side of my bed, eyeing me askance, and remained silent as death. "Take a drink of wine, if you feel disposed," I said to him; but he answered drily, "I do not want it: I used to drink, but now it does not agree with me." Two minutes afterwards, "Do you smoke? There are some cigars!" As drily as before, "I do not smoke." I was surprised that this man would not do what all the others had done so readily, and watched his movements.

He had not a very agreeable face; but the expression was more than the features, and I afterwards learned from his comrade that they were not on the best terms together. He wore a medal on his breast: the King of Rome—who calls himself the divinely appointed representative of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world"—had given him this medal for helping to prevent the world from getting possession of its own, with a bundle of indulgences which were left at home.

Falling into some conversation concerning my case, he said,—but still without looking at me,—"They should be careful in your house not to allow that young servant to bring your food; for, as it is a girl, some gentleman might stop her, and, while speaking with her, drop poison into it. Neither should they buy meat always of the same butcher; and when they go to buy meat, if the butcher shows them a piece, and wishes them to take that part of the beast, they should refuse, and prefer the other side;* and every day they should buy of a different butcher."

* In Spain the butcher hangs his carcase by the heels, and, beginning at the head, cuts away for his customers, without distinction of joints, until the whole is disposed of.

As that day I was going to rise for the first time, I asked my guard to give me my clothes, which he did, and with some difficulty I put on some of them, being scarcely able to stand. This done, I asked him to help me into a closet adjoining, to look for something that I wanted. He led me thither, and shut the door after me. The closet was near my bed; I remained there for twelve or fifteen minutes, finished dressing, and, when ready to come back, called him for assistance. With the same indifference as before, he gave me his arm, and led me to a chair which the principal porter had had the kindness to lend me. There I sat, meditating on the indifference of this man, so unlike all the other guards, who had shown themselves each day more kind.

I asked him for some water to wash my hands and face, and put myself somewhat in order before the Vicar came. He took the jar, poured some water into a dark coloured barber's basin, which they had brought from my house a few days before, and set it at my feet. I stooped down and lifted the basin, and, although my sight was weak, when I put my right hand into the water, at once perceived that its colour was considerably changed. I immediately said to the guard, who pretended to be very heedless of what was going on, "I shall not wash my hands in this dirty water!" He took the basin, saying, "The basin must be dirty," washed it, and poured in more water. As he was holding it in his hand, the next guard came, and he set it on the floor before me. I looked at this too, and, in the presence of the other guard, who stood at my side looking on with great attention,—I do not know if the Corporal was with

him,—said, "This water also is dirty;" at which the man with the medal said he would pour some into a cup of very white French porcelain that served me for my coffee or chocolate. He poured some in, and both the guards pronounced that it also was dirty. Then the man with the medal began to pour out the rest upon the brick-floor, at which I called aloud for the watchman, a Government servant, and said to the fellow, "Do not pour away that water; it is poisonous; let the Inspector come." Instantly the Inspector came. He is Chief of the Police, a young man of great prudence, and one who showed much attention to myself and my family as we shall presently see.

The Inspector heard my complaint, and a statement of all that had taken place from the beginning. I sent for the guard who first brought the water; and he declared and proved himself innocent. The water, of which he and I both drank, was perfectly clean, and he protested that he was incapable of such wickedness. He of the medal said nothing. The Inspector proceeded to examine the water, poured it out three times, and each time found it discoloured. They were all silent, and I continued, "You see that my suspicions are confirmed. They cannot force me out of the hands of the Government; but by such means as this they will send me out of the world. They are as perverse as cowardly. There is treachery, always treachery!"

The Inspector begged me to be calm, and asked if I would wish the water to be immediately analysed. "No, Sir," I answered; "I did not wish for any question with the Government, much less with the body of guards, who have been so kind to me. Not one

of them has misconducted himself with me, notwithstanding the orders of the Tribunal and the punishments it threatens. Besides acting like faithful servants, they have been as kind to me and my family as if I had been their best friend. The Government, too, is *Spanish*, and therefore incapable of playing with poisons. Even if they had detected me in a political conspiracy, they might have shot me, sent me to prison, or banished me; but such methods as this are only used by those who first defended them in books, Professors' chairs, and Confessionals, and whom History shows to be poisoners and assassins by profession."

It was not the hand of the guard that I saw, nor that of the ruffian on the Prado, nor that of a ruffian who entered my house, sword in hand, and attempted to attack my wife. It was the mysterious hand of Loyola that fell suddenly on my family, on the City, and on Spain itself, and sacrificed all to its vengeance on the sanguinary days of last July. It was the hand of Châtel and of Ravaillac, and that which betrays itself on the ensanguined purple and the Tiara; the hand that spares not man or woman; the hand that destroyed the dynasty of the Valois; that administered the poisonous draught to the Cardinal Tournon and to the ill-fated Ganganelli. It was the hand that held the match, when you Englishmen caught him just ready to ignite the train, and, at a moment calculated with diabolical cunning, lay the Parliament and the Royalty of Great Britain in the dust. It was that hand which sent a dagger through the heart of the learned Edmund Richer, and aimed the deadly weapon at the Prince of Orange; that guided the pen to sign the Revocation of the Edict

of Nantes, gave the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and directed the expulsion of the descendants of those martyred Protestants from France; the same hand that wrings moans of anguish from the victims whom it seizes, plunges them into poverty, flings them into dungeons, or drags them to death, yet without crime, or proofs, or judgment, or appeal, or any other witnesses than the emissary and the hangman.

That Company is cosmopolite in its essence, artificial in its forms, Machiavellic in its tendencies, and lives without any other object than universal dominion, however shameful and immoral the means which it employs. It sets against each other all forms of Government, and labours to overthrow and annihilate whatever opposes itself to its perverse intentions. Sometimes republican, sometimes absolutist, and always anarchist, it makes its way into all political bodies, and shamelessly intermeddles with all parties.

Just now, in my country, it preaches up again reaction, expropriation, banishment, and death to Liberals. In the year '93, masked under a Republic, it danced wildly at the sound of the Marseillaise, and before the dungeons that the Revolution crowded with its victims. Yesterday it cursed the Empire and the dynasty of the Corsican, and played Bacchanalian gambols round the trees of Liberty;—to-day it intones the *Benedictus* before the son of Napoleon. It is the unblushing harlot of the Apocalypse, condemned, even by Popes, as immoral, antisocial, and irreligious. By the same authority it has been pronounced a permanent revolution in Church and State, which it is the duty of all Governments to outlaw, lest the people, seeking to

avenge themselves, should have recourse to the violent remedy which the Jansenist Bossuet long ago recommended,—*la dernière force.*

The Inspector took the bottle, corked it up, and carried it away to his office. The water was of a dull greyish colour. My Doctor looked at it, and gave his opinion to myself and others, that it contained some foreign substance, but spared no pains to soothe my fears. I said nothing more about it, and I know not what became of the bottle.

XIII.

FLIGHT ADVISED.

The Doctors of the Tribunal paid me a visit, and I told them what had occurred. The devout one replied, "I am surprised that a man of your good sense should think so." I allowed myself a very free rejoinder, heedless of the presence of the Notary. The Physician coolly observed that, although some members of the Society have been bad men, it does not therefore follow that the Society itself is bad.

"You must know, my friend," I continued, "that whatever the members do, whomsoever they may stab or poison, they do nothing without first receiving the orders of the Géneral, which are, in effect, those of the Society." I related the affair of Father La Chaise and Louis XIV., with some other things of the kind, referring him to the Secret Instructions which they took away from my house, and to what I had myself written, which to this moment remains unanswered.

In questions that lie between my heart and head, when religion and politics are not concerned, the head

always yields first; and therefore the affair of the poison passed away without further notice by myself. The fact, however, came to be known in Madrid, and produced an immense sensation, even among the lowest classes of the people.

From this day forward my friends more and more set their hearts upon effecting my escape. The fear that I should die of poison gained such hold on my family and others, that whatever any of them could devise was instantly caught at by the rest. But the fact just related, instead of mending my case, made it much worse. The Government was unwilling to incur the responsibility which would fall on them in the event of such an attempt being repeated, and consequently were anxious to have me removed; and Jesuitism gained the desired object, which was to get possession of my person, away from the immediate inspection of the Government.

I might have escaped out of the hands of the Government; even then several opportunities were allowed me. But no suffering could induce me to consent, and my obstinacy on this point occasioned me much inconvenience.

I considered the kindness with which most of the dependents of the Government had treated me from the time that they understood my case, not excepting the Governor and his Secretary. I knew that the Supreme Government had no intention to injure me, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Jesuits to make me figure as one of the writers who had opposed them most hotly in the newspapers; but, according to my information, which I believe to be correct, the Government paid considerable attention to every request made on my behalf; and if the affair of the poisoned water had not happened,

Jesuitism would have had hard work to get me out of their hands. This is the truth, and I shall never disguise it.

When it was settled that I was to be prosecuted by the Tribunal of the Faith, the Government should have delivered me up to that Court on the day following, and the Familiars might have carried me off in a bed, sick as I was, and as the Judge had ordered. This, added to the known fact, that the Governor had sent an order to the Tribunal of the Faith to treat me well, caused me to desist from flight while in the Government prison. I detested the acts of the Government before my imprisonment; I detested and condemned them when in prison, before their own servants; I detest them at this day as much as ever; but in the affair of which I am now writing, I am persuaded that it even exceeded its duty,* in order to get me safely out of the hands of the Jesuits.

The Vicar, knowing that I was in a state to answer the charges laid against me, came again to the prison, accompanied by the Notary. The entrance of the Vicar, and a something which I could very well understand, but cannot easily explain, gave me to perceive that a breath wafted from Protestant countries—the letters of my esteemed Dr. Rule—had blown on the Holy Tribunal, and softened down the ferocity of those men who, like the tiger, have the cowardly fashion of never pouncing on their prey when he faces them, but always attack him behind his back; but after all, while they equal the tiger in savage nature, they exceed that animal in cowardice. That those letters produced such an effect, I know certainly.

* *Its duty*, be it observed, according to the actual state of Spanish law.

XIV.

THE EXAMINATION.

The Vicar took his seat, and, without any of the symptoms of ill temper previously manifested, asked how I was?—how I felt?

"Very well, indeed," I answered. And even so I felt; for Protestant air had strengthened me more and more, and I recovered courage to breast the raging storm, as that which once threatened to sink the vessel in the Sea of Galilee, but ceased in the presence of Him who never fails to answer prayer that is offered up to Him in time of trouble.

The Vicar is one of those whom we call "*poor* men." He is altogether a *poor man*, of extremely moderate capacity, as he himself well knows, as all around him know, and as I knew long ago. He is a trifle vain, and Jesuitism, knowing his weaknesses, has covered him with preferments and distinctions of a certain kind. He is a simple person, who, if he had not given way to vicious habits, might have creditably occupied a humble position in society, esteemed by intelligent persons, and respected by the common people.

Not so the Notary. He is a true Quasimodo in appearance, without the good nature of that personage, but with all his cunning. If the face be the mirror of the soul, this man, if put up to sale, would go for nothing.

The Notary read over my protests, and I again assured him that it was loss of time to endeavour to turn me from what I had already said, and finished with these words: "Death, and even the destruction of my family, rather than retractation! *I have said it.*"

The Vicar opened a parcel of papers, letters, circulars, and New Testaments, laid them before me, and began to put more questions. As I was not his tutor, and under no obligation to instruct him, I availed myself of his sapient ignorance, and, without any departure from the truth, committed no person.

Unable to get at what he was searching for, his Most Illustrious began an address thus: "Let us speak as companions and friends; for this we have been." "On condition," I replied, "that the Notary does not write down what I say." This being agreed to, the Judge proceeded.

"Have you travelled much, Mora?"

"Very much, Pando. England, France, the United States, &c."

"Do you correspond with many persons?"

"Yes, with very many."

"You must have, as indeed I know you have, many engagements."

"Yes, and one above all others, which is to make known the Gospel to the Spaniards."

"Now, Notary, you must write. Whose letter is this?"

"Your Most Illustrious Excellency may read it; my sight is weak."

"Yes, yes. This is ——. And this is ——. (*Notary writes.*) And this is from Colonel ——. He that is in the Palace?"

"Yes."

"From Colonel ——, indeed! A rare bird! From *him*, is it?"

"From *him*. We have always been very good friends."

"But is that he? Does it speak of *him?* We too are very good friends; I like him very much. Have you nothing to say, Sir? Well then, (*to the Notary,*) write." (*He writes.*)

"Now, let us speak again as old friends."

"But we must speak without writing."

"Agreed. My friend, Mora, to-day I am the Judge, and you the" —

"*The victim*—Agreed!"

"If I were in England, you would be the Judge, and I the culprit."

To this stupid observation I made no reply. It was very late, and I wanted my dinner. I knew that my mother-in-law was waiting on the outside, and I wished to save the time that she would lose if I undertook to give him a lesson in history, or to remind him of what had been said during the famous question of Liberty of Worship, which I suppose he must have glanced at, since the most insignificant newspaper sometimes mentions it, and the most obscure of the obscure among the people talk of it. But my Lord Vicar remained just the same as when I knew him before. The weight of crosses had not allowed him to navigate beyond the strait of *Barbara celarent.* On his repeating the question, I answered, with some expression of impatience, that I was hungry; that in that country there was religious liberty, without either victims or executioners.

"Take that, Notary. Write it down. Had you any Bibles at home? Where did they come from? Had you any other Protestant books? Who printed them? And this letter? I keep it because it speaks here of a

particular person. Do you know him? Look—look. Do you see it? Answer quickly."

"The Notary can tell your Most Illustrious Excellency who it is. Bibles, and books, and other things I had, which you have carried away, and you can see for yourselves who printed them."

"The books do not say who printed them."

"So much the better."

"You must tell me everything—everything. You must tell me who all these people are."

"I will tell you as much as it suits me to tell, without falsehood, and without Jesuitical reserve. *That* is my duty."

"You deny everything."

"No; I deny nothing."

"Yes, Sir, this paper, this letter, this ——. Whose are they? Who gave them to you?"

"The letters are signed, certainly, and they must have come from those who wrote them."

"And these papers?"

"Some one brought them to my house, whose name I do not just now remember."

"This is one of Don ——."

"So says your Most Illustrious Excellency; and I must say that I am weary of talking. It is late, and I am very hungry."

(*To the Notary.*) "Write quick."

"You may write what you please; I am weary. I am the only person culpable; but that we may finish quickly, I tell you that there is another person active, very active, in this matter of evangelizing the people."

"Who is that? Who is it? Notary! write this down. Let us see, now, who this is."

"Not too fast, gentlemen. This person is" ——

"Very well; whoever he is, you must tell me, you must tell me; and you (*to the Notary*) write it down, and then we will finish."

"Well, Sir, this gentleman is an Englishman.

"An Englishman! Where is he?"

"At home."

"Very good! very good! Where does he live? What is his name?"

"Dr. Rule."

"Very good! Where does he live?"

"In London."

"*Ha!*"

"We are intimate friends. Now, go on!"

"You have only one idea, that of attacking the Pope and the Jesuits."

"Just so; and that is because I firmly believe them to be the worst enemies of Society and Religion."

"Hum!.....But those written papers that we got in your house; we think you must have written more than Tostado," (a voluminous Spanish writer).

"What you took away is the original of my work on the Jesuits, which cost me but a few months. I go to bed late, after writing or studying for a few hours, and I rise early; yet the time is too short for what I have to do; and since my imprisonment I have been deprived of my greatest pleasure, which is *work*."

"What fine editions we have found in your possession! Yes, indeed, I have looked over them."

"O yes! most of the books you have seized were

written in English, French, Italian, Greek, and Latin. There were few Spanish, except Bibles and Testaments."

"And you have read much—very much. So much of good and bad is there to be read, and especially of German Philosophy, is there not?"

"But you must know that, although I have read somewhat, I much more enjoy thinking and meditation."

"Were you in agreement with any persons in Spain for propagating these ideas?"

"Yes, Sir, with very many, both here and in the Provinces."

"But I think you have done very little; you say as much in one of your letters."

"Perhaps so; but you must bear in mind that there are very many of us; and this must be evident to yourself, from the sharp contest which has been carried on in the papers during the last two years, both in the periodical press and in books that have circulated extensively."

"Then I will proceed against the authors, whoever they may be. I have admonished them; but they have paid no attention, and I will punish them, in whatever part of Spain they are to be found.—And then you have help from abroad?"

"Yes. I have a strong army of reserve abroad; many powerful friends, who are worth more to me than I can tell, and who labour without ceasing; and I shall now have more than ever."

"And the stereotype plates for printing the Bible? Where are *they?* And where are the other books?"

"They are quite safe. They are under a flag that is not in our power."

"Ha!"

"Yes, Sir, and so are other things that you must know of through my correspondence; for, although I had returned to Madrid the day before the Revolution, I only received one single letter; yet I am accustomed to receive many from abroad."

(*To the Notary.*) "Write that down.—Who are those persons that figure in these letters? You must tell me. Ay! they are Deputies in Cortes,—those Deputies! (*Here he roared furiously.*) Those fellows that would turn Moors to-morrow, if they were paid for it.....Fellows!"

But I must be excused from repeating words which distressed me quite as much as the horrors of the Dungeon.

"Did you get a passport? Hey?"

"Yes, Sir, and a good one."

"From a good gentleman?"

"Yes, Sir, and a good Liberal."

At this he shouted, bawled, yelled, so that all the servants in waiting outside heard him, and were astounded.

"I asked that gentleman where you were. I inquired of other Governments, and they would not tell me where you were. Humph! humph!"

"I have been living in public, as you know, and as all Madrid knows; and Madrid is not so great a city but you could find me with very little trouble."

"That is enough!"

"Thank you."

At length His Excellency calmed down once more, and said, "You are going to be transferred to the Convent of St. Vincent de Paul. There you will be in a handsome apartment,—a very, very handsome one; and they will board you well, and you shall have spiritual Fathers to convince you of the truth."

"Listen," I replied; "I have two things to say. *First,* I will go wherever they will take me; but I wish you would grant what I have so often requested of yourself and the Government. Take me to the common gaol. I would rather be in the cells there, even among criminals, than be in the company of those good Fathers."

"If you did but know the Jesuits, what good men they are, and how kind."

"Yes, yes, I know them well, and therefore I would rather be put amongst the vilest criminals than with those Jesuits. I entreat you to let me go to the common prison,—not to St. Vincent's."

"Very well."

"And in the second place, as to my food, thank you for the offer; but I do not want meat or drink of them, and shall tell the Government that, if my mother-in-law does not bring it, I will neither eat nor drink, but die of starvation. I must, therefore, ask two things, and believe the Government will grant them,—food brought me by my mother-in-law from my own house, a bed, and other necessaries, and a guard whom I can trust, that they may not kill me there. As for the Fathers whom you wish to exhort me, they are of no use at all; for I have said, and now repeat it, that I will not retract. I am a Protestant, and will rather die than

break my word. Those Fathers shall not come near me; for I remember the searching poison of Mariana."

"And if you do not repent within a week, I shall pronounce judgment on you, and" —

"Neither food nor Fathers! I shall apply to the Government."

"Very well. I shall send the order to remove you."

"When you please."

"*A Dios*, Mora!"

"Good night."

My mother-in-law brought in my dinner, after waiting three or four hours, and the guard came with her.

XV.

DEEP SORROW.

That night there was a sad scene. My wife came also, and they both fell weeping disconsolately, just as do the relatives of one condemned to die. Family, friends, relatives, all were persuaded that as soon as ever I fell into the hands of the Jesuits, nothing more would be heard of me; but that, without heeding guards, they would convey me, by night, beyond the reach of help. All agreed in regarding that order for removal as the death-warrant; and some idea may be formed of the panic that seized my friends, when it is known that some of the very best of them proposed that I should deceive the Tribunal of the Faith by a feigned retractation, insisting that my first duty was to save my own life, and that of my family,—to consider my wife and our child.

My answer was always the same. Retractation was not to be thought of, but rather death for myself, my wife, and my child. There was none to whom I could

look for help, no earthly tribunal of appeal. My enemies were my judges; but there was a judgment-seat in heaven, and to that my Christian brethren and my family would cry for succour. God would have mercy on us, and undertake my cause. My own mind was exhausted almost to insensibility, yet an inward confidence remained that God would deliver me. Besides, it appeared necessary that I should suffer, not only to introduce the Reformation into Spain, but that some, who had never yet believed it, might learn the real cause of the evils that oppress our country,—the perfidy of that priestly army which the country supports, and which the King of Rome commands.

My wife threw herself on her knees, and prayed me, for the sake of our child, to make my escape that night, for all was ready for it. But neither tears nor prayers could persuade me ungratefully to compromise the Government which had treated me so well, although I was opposed to it. On this matter my mind was made up.

They left me disconsolate, and, for the first time, displeased with me. I soon found that all my friends partook of the same feeling, and began to think me cowardly, and even worse.

Early in the day following an intimation came, that if I wished to make my escape, everything was ready; but I answered that, until I found myself in the hands of the Priests, I would not attempt it. Time and money, it is true, were lost by those refusals, and my friends were annoyed when they saw their endeavours frustrated.

Soon afterwards I found that the Government was disposed to grant me all that I had requested for my personal security.

The Notary returned, and showed me the order of removal. It contained no mention of a guard to protect me, nor of my mother-in-law, but it did speak of Ecclesiastics that were to be with me. I pointed out the omissions, and he gave me a verbal assurance that the Judge acceded to all my requests. I saw, at once, that the Judge wished to gratify the Jesuits with acts, and put me off with words; and, by means of influence that I could command, entreated to be sent to the common prison: but it was clearly impossible for this to be granted.

The day fixed for my removal came; and we all regarded such a removal as equivalent with transfer to a condemned cell; but no one could conjecture where would be the scene of execution. The newspapers were compelled to keep silence, except that the *Discusion* of the 3rd of September, quoting from the *Asociacion*, said, "Our friend, the honoured and consistent Liberal, Don Angel Herreros de Mora, has been arrested in the Prado, but not for anything discreditable. We hope that he will soon be restored to the bosom of his afflicted family." Much more was afterwards written, but not suffered to be circulated. Then, as now, the gag was on the Press.

XVI.

THE JESUITS' CONVENT.

On Sunday, September 14th, the Notary made his appearance.

"Are you ready to go with me and this gentleman?" (A servant of the Government.)

"Yes, Sir; but I must first speak with the Governor, who promised me an interview two days ago."

A message was sent to the Governor's office, but none of the principal authorities were there. Some one, however, whom I did not know, came instead of the Governor, and, in presence of the Notary, the guard, and the other, I addressed him thus:—

"I have a fear of being poisoned, or put to death in some other way, and must therefore beg you not to allow the guard to leave me. I wish my mother-in-law to bring my food; for I will never eat anything that comes from those reverend Fathers, nor will I sleep in any of their beds. I also desire that the guard may eat and drink with me, sleep in the same room, and always keep the key of the room; and when they bring my food, if any one belonging to the Convent we are going to touches it, I will not eat. I wish to receive it with my own hands, in presence of the guard. But what I especially beg of you is, that none of those reverend Fathers be permitted to approach my person. There is no necessity for me to hear or see them. I shall not retract; and I hope that they will not attempt to make me worship *idols*, for I will break them to pieces first. You may remember that affair of the water, and be assured that I am going amongst those men with very great reluctance."

"All this is granted. The guard shall accompany you, and be relieved every day. As for the water, I must tell you that although it was dirty, there was nothing bad in it. *I drank two glasses of it.*"

These last words left me in mute surprise. I could not articulate a sentence in reply, but mechanically took

my hat, saying, "Let us go," and walked down stairs towards the street. Several persons were collected on the outside, and one kind friend amongst them. We pressed each other's hands in silence, and I passed on. A carriage was at the door; we went into it, I taking my seat first, then the Notary, and then the Government servant and the guard. My wife was watching from a house opposite. At some distance, coaches of my friends followed, to ascertain whither I was taken. They followed me as one on the way to death; and although I *now* know what thoughts occupied their mind, it is not necessary to state them.

We came to a house that had once been a private theatre, and, before that, palace of the Duke of Osuna. On alighting from the coach, two satellites of the Company received us with an air of the greatest humility, led us up a grand staircase, and showed us into a room that I never saw again. A Father, who seemed half blind, then walked in, and began the following dialogue:—

"Good morning, gentlemen: what can I do for you?"

The Notary. "The Lord Judge—the Lord Vicar says;" and he read the order of removal.

When the "holy man" had heard the order, he slowly approached me, and I retired so far as the breadth of the room allowed.

"Is this Señor Don Angel?"

"Yes, Sir, I am the man."

"Yes, we received notice some time ago that you were coming, and have had your room ready ever since."

(*The Notary.*) "Is it secure? You have already

heard that the order requires the room to be *secure;* so that no one can escape out of it."

"O yes, it is quite secure. And you," addressing himself to me, "shall dine with us, and after dinner go to the chamber for Exercises," * (the dark chamber,) "and you will find everything quite ready. But you must observe, Don Angel, that this is not a prison. Persons come from all parts to practise the Spiritual Exercises in this house. Even military chiefs come for that purpose. O no! this holy place is for meditation. Well, then, all is ready."

"If I lose my courage," thought I, "it is all over with me. Good heart, then, and onward! God will provide. All this I can understand. Exercises! Dark chamber! Descendants of the Neapolitan Captain,—first Jesuit of short robe whom Ignatius admitted,—and these most reverend Fathers! I must speak up here; for, if they see me shrink, the tiger will pounce upon me from behind. I must show him a bold countenance."

"Just listen, Sir," said I. "I have come hither, as the Governor, the Vicar, and the Notary know, under the express condition that I am to have nothing to do with any of these Fathers, nor be troubled with any of these Exercises. I have protested against Rome. I am a Protestant. You must therefore understand that exhortations are quite superfluous; for I neither repent nor yet retract."

"O! O! In that case," —

"Yes, Sir, *in that case* you must not trouble me. I am contumacious; I am impenitent; I will not retract,

* Rooms set apart for solitary meditation on the *Spiritual Exercises* of Loyola.

although I lose my life. And more than this; I am not going to eat with you, nor touch your food, nor drink water from your hands, nor sleep in your bed. The Government has given me this guard to take care of my life. You understand. And as for food, that will be brought from my own house."

"But, Don Angel, if you have everything that you require."

"No, I thank you; no, I thank you."

"Then, in this case, I must speak with the Superior."

"But are not *you* the Superior?"

"No, Sir, he is.....he is not at home; but I am going to say.....I shall soon be back."

After a few minutes the same person came back, and said, "Then, Sir, as a guard is going to stay with Don Angel, he cannot go to the apartments that were prepared for him."

Their plan was completely spoiled. "The hand of God," thought I, "is with me."

"Come this way," said the Father. We went, and came to fine apartments, where they had received some Bishop—where Sister Patrocinio (that miracle-working Nun who had the sacred wounds, and was much patronized by the King Consort; very religious, according to the Fathers, who predicted certain political events, and at the same time very witty, very ignorant, and more humble than the *Belle Cadier*) had lodged.

My apartments consisted of a large saloon, a good closet, and two bed-chambers, communicating with each other by a small gallery. So the very same apartments have served to lodge Sister Patrocinio,—she persecuted

with the medicine of Dr. Argumosa, and Mora with the homœopathy of Loyola.* The Chronicles say that in this abode scenes of the greatest interest have been witnessed, and History will one day declare them.

The Notary threw a glance over the apartments. Seeing the balconies, I said within myself, "This is *my way out;*" but I endeavoured to prevent the thought from telling on my countenance, and tried to divert the attention of the Notary, lest he should look out into them.

The Notary seemed scarcely satisfied, but he kept silence, evidently not without some effort, and then withdrew, after saying that the Vicar liked me very much, that he remembered old times, and would interest himself in my behalf. My punishment, he hinted, would probably be expatriation; and, turning to our guide, he said, "I hope you will have the kindness to direct that, whenever this gentleman is at his meals, one of the confraternity be present, as the Vicar's order requires."

"I understand," said our half-blind conductor.

XVII.

INTERIOR OF THE CONVENT.

The guard and I remained, each of us commenting, silently, on the words, gestures, and looks of these people.

Then came a new member of Society, who entered

* Sister Patrocinio had artificial wounds, said to be supernaturally inflicted; but Dr. Argumosa healed them, to her great mortification, and she opened them again. She prophesied in the interest of Don Carlos, and was legally convicted of imposture.

into conversation with me, speaking very pure French, concerning the "Holy Congregation," and insisted that I should let them catechize me. This person was very talkative. He had travelled much, and was old enough to have considerable experience. He talked with an air of great liberality and admirable tact. I quietly surveyed him, only speaking just enough to keep him a-going, so that we very soon understood each other, entered on debate, and managed our weapons with some dexterity.

"Who are you?" said I. "They tell me that you are a Congregation of some kind, an Association of Fathers and Brethren, and Directors of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Indeed, they say that you have been a military officer, and are a frank, liberal man, one who knows the world well."

"And they tell me that you are named to be under my orders. A good choice, is it not? We shall settle matters, after all, I dare say."

"But I want, especially, to know who you all are; for I have seen seven or eight of this Holy Congregation, and each one has a different dress. Here is one with a waistcoat and white hat, another with a frock coat, another in white, another wears a cloak, and so on. If you can tell me who these all are, it is very likely that we shall understand each other."

"You will observe that we are a Congregation who devote ourselves to Missions, to Spiritual Exercises, and out of doors we teach the Catechism."

"But what do you call yourselves? Do they call you 'Fathers of the Faith?' But then the French Infidels have put an end to that name for some time

past. Tell me what you call yourselves, and I will then tell you whether I am ready to enter into your Holy Exercises. You have seen service. You have been in France and Italy and the United States, and have travelled all over the globe. You are a man of the world, and tolerant. Let us understand each other; for I do not wish to suffer all sorts of mortification. Tell me, I pray you, what you all are, and we shall understand each other."

"You must know that these Fathers are very good men. They are *so* innocent! They are angels! We are,"—speaking in a low voice,—"we are of St. Lazarus,—St. Lazarus."

"Why, I thought the Lazarones were in the General Hospital!"

"Then I will tell you; we are sons of St. Vincent de Paul. Look! Here is the portrait of our Father."

"Above all," said I to him, "I like people to be frank. Have you been here long?"

"O yes, Sir."

"Have you been here during the last two years?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And this house?"

"The Queen gave us this house when she bought it of the Duke of Osuna."

"The Queen, hey!"

"Yes, the Queen."

"And the Superior, where is *he?*"

"The Superior is not at home. He came to Madrid. He went to Her Majesty, and asked whether he might reside in Madrid without any inconvenience, because the Superior is a foreigner."

"Of course, the Superior is a foreigner. And how many of you are there here?"

"We are about thirty."

Another of them afterwards told me that there were twenty, and another said *a hundred.* (These various calculations, made after a mental reservation, are not false in the dialect of Jesuitism.)

"Observe," he continued; "we Brethren" (he was a Brother) "have each of us his own business."

"Indeed, a business!"

"Yes; and the Fathers direct the Sisters. If it were not for the Fathers, the poor Sisters would not know what to do."

"That is clear; and I am aware that the Fathers direct them in everything. Ah, well! And tell me, Brother, did you know that I was author of the work against the Jesuits?"

"O yes, Sir, O yes. I heard that you were a man of very great talent, and much erudition, and much of a Christian, too, except that you were not willing to be under the orders of the Pope of Rome, and that, you see,".....

"It being just as you say, I must now try whether, with my talent and erudition, I cannot catechize you, one by one, and make you abjure idols, and become good liberal Christians. Guard! give me that little book that is on the table, the Gospel.—Let us see, Brother; and you too, guard. Listen."

"With great pleasure, Sir," said the guard, and the Brother added, "Let us see; listen."

The guard took the Testament from the table, and the Brother rose up, and walked away smiling.

XVIII.

THE SURVEY.

When left alone with the guard, I surveyed the balconies, but without exciting his attention, and began to contrive a plan of escape.

One of the balconies into which a closet opens, is exactly over the Convent door, beside a porter's window, and there are other two belonging to the Hall. A person dropping from one of these balconies must alight on a small flag-stone, or on some rough pebbles.

After much entreaty, there had been allowed me four hours of communication daily, and afterwards, by some bold speaking, I got this time lengthened. Ladies may not penetrate into the house beyond a room opposite the porter's corner, where "daughters of confession" hold spiritual conversations with the Brethren and Fathers; but it must be observed that, so long as I was there, except on one occasion, when there were some young females and Fathers seated in "holy conversation," very few Brethren met, doubtless wishing to avoid the contagion and observation of the heretic.

About an hour had passed, when one of the inferior Brethren called me; and as we went down stairs, together with the guard, the cries and wailings of a female fell on my ear, and I distinguished the word, "Murderers." It was my mother-in-law, standing in the inner doorway, beyond which, they say, no female can pass, unless by special privilege, like Sister Patrocinio; but, as she knows nothing about cloisters, she ran forward, threw herself upon my neck, and, in presence of

several of the "religious," who gathered quickly to the spot, and of the guard, she broke out into passionate lamentation.

"Now you have him in your hands, you murderers, you poisoners! Now you will kill him! These are Jesuits, are they not? *You* know them well, my Angel! See how they laugh, the murderers! the murderers! Yes, I will tell it everywhere, that you are in the hands of your enemies. Laugh on, ye execrable Pharisees, King-killers, murderers! I will not leave you, my Angel! They are going to kill you, and your child, and your wife, who saw you taken from the Government House, and came home, saying that you were in the hands of the Jesuits. These murderers will kill us all, but never you retract! We will all die first!"

Then she sank speechless in the doorway. The Fathers stood smiling; the guard, fixed like a statue; the coachman who brought her, and some people, gathered on the outside, in breathless silence. The guard, however, with one hand took the food she had brought me, and with the other led her to the carriage, and she drove away, weeping disconsolately.

Turning to the Reverend Fathers, I said, "If you dare to do me any violence, consider what you may expect. I tell you again that *I am not alone*, and that you very well know."

The old soldier and the guard went with me to be present while I ate my dinner, as they had been directed; a precaution which might seem ridiculous to any one who had not read the secret orders of the Jesuits. As we were going to my apartments, I caught sight of

stairs leading to a place underground, and could not resist an inclination to go down a few steps to look into it. Instead of a door, I found an aperture about two-thirds walled up with bricks, the mortar being still damp, and the remainder with paper. "What can this be?" I asked a Brother who was with us. "It is a cell," said he, "having a door in communication beneath with the house of a Priest, whose name I forget." —"And these stairs?"—"They lead to other rooms above."—"And this door that is locked?"—"It leads from the cell to the Convent." "Ah, yes!" I observed, "all this reminds me of the prisons of the Holy Office." The guard made an expression of disgust, and the Brother *smiled!* If the Government had not given me this guard, by day and by night, I might have had to examine the place too closely.

XIX.

THE ESCAPE.

As the guard and I sat down to dinner, the Brother came and stood so close as to touch the table; but I requested him to go back two steps, and then talk as he pleased, but not touch the table while we were eating. Not in the least disconcerted, he began to talk to me about "men of the world," and then slided away into the *Catechism;* but at this I interrupted him with, "Let us have the *Gospel:*" and this word had such magic power, that the enemy held his peace. As he stood silent, I administered a pretty sound lesson concerning the tricks which were daily invented to delude the people,—the sacred wounds, the images, and so on,

which told so well that, before we had finished our dinner, the troublesome host was gone.

Being once allowed communication with my friends, as I then was, I could see as many as I pleased. All of them, including a distinguished foreigner, agreed that I should make my escape; but, with an excess of caution, I told them that perhaps it would be better for me to remain there and make my defence first, that I might have a better opportunity of exposing the iniquity of their conduct towards me. The persons whom we consulted were of the very highest respectability and intelligence, persons whom I regret that I cannot name; and, while they appreciated my caution, they replied, "Escape, and lose no time."

The Judge and the Lazarones seemed to have left me to myself, for none of them made their appearance. Twice did the people of the house assure me, that I was a visitor whom they did not want; for if affairs altered, they would be exposed to the fury of the Liberals and of the people; and they even said that their dwelling was not a prison, and that I might escape when I pleased. My friends on the outside thought otherwise. They knew that it was indeed a prison; the Judge had so described it; and they were also aware of the existence of one of those orders which the Fathers are in the way of obtaining secretly.

It had come to the knowledge of my wife, especially, whose activity, sagacity, and intelligence excited the admiration of the first authorities of the kingdom, that there was an intention to remove me at night, and transport me to the Canaries. She had gained information of the destiny that awaited me; and, in one of our interviews, she said, "Hear me, my Angel! It is

intended to send you to the Canary Islands, as I know from the Judge himself, and there they will put you into the hands of the very same people that now have you in their custody. Remember how the Judge himself said to me, 'I swear to you by God, that you shall never see him any more.' There they will bury you alive,* as you know better than I. Besides, your friends, and many other persons whom you do not know, are getting tired. They have been up watching many nights, and you must not be ungrateful. Everything is ready, and, if you please, I will come myself with friends at an appointed time, dressed as a man, and place myself in the most conspicuous position, just opposite these balconies. I will throw you a cord from the street, and then," said she, with high enthusiasm, "then they shall not get you out of my arms without trampling on my body."

I consented to make an attempt, and set about preparing for it. In the first place, I endeavoured to ascertain whether the guard had any secret instructions; but he assured me that the corps had no other orders than to be careful for my life. This assurance much encouraged me, and that very evening, if I had not been very dull, I might have escaped in the midst of a party of friends, who left the house later than usual. The occasion was most favourable, but I missed it by an excess of prudence. The guard, somehow, staid up stairs, while I went down to the door with my friends;

* *Emparedarán.*—"*Will wall you up.*" This refers to a custom of the Inquisition of putting the victim into a small recess, or cell, building it up with bricks, and leaving him to die of hunger and suffocation. We have just had an example of the kind in this very Convent.

and although there were some *sbirros* there, I am sure that I might have got away. Having missed that favourable opportunity, they proposed me another plan, which I accepted, and it was not my fault that it failed. I must be excused, however, for not describing it, lest any one should be committed.

My friends told me with decision, and even with some friendly threats, that if another plan which they proposed was not carried into execution, they must leave me to my fate. I let them know that I, too, had another, and asked them for twenty-four hours to complete it. They agreed.

The night before my escape, I spent in watching every movement. There were the officer of the district and the watchmen on their beat. In the house opposite there was a light, with open windows, and two men frequently rose, and paced the room. After a certain hour I knew where a watchman would take his stand, and this was of all sentinels the worst. That night I marked him well, while my poor guard was digesting a hearty supper in sweet sleep. A voice calling to a cat from a window under my balcony, gave me to understand that Brethren were watching there.

Very early in the morning I was told that two ladies, with a little boy, wished to see me. I went down with the guard, who left me alone with them; and my wife, with the courage and dignity of which she is so capable, not giving me time to speak, set before me the objects of all others most likely to affect me, my mother and my child; and closed some impassioned sentences by saying, "Perhaps I have suffered more than you, but I can suffer this no longer. This must be my last

attempt; for, up to the present moment, we have only been losing time, and wasting money, and annoying our friends who have such great regard for you. If you cannot make up your mind, you will lose your friends and sacrifice three victims—and *here they are.*" They both fell on their knees before me, weeping; and my child threw his arms around my neck. I raised them up, and said, "Yes, I am resolved; but you know that if they catch me, you will never see me again. They will take away the guard, and from that moment you may consider me *dead.*"

"Yes," they replied; "but even in that case we have one great resource yet remaining; for England will save you in the name of humanity. Yes! Yes! Be decided: for even if this plan should fail, England will save you." My child had been taught his lesson, and he said, "Papa! Henry prays to God many times every day, and Henry knows that God always hears children's prayers. Go out! God will help you. I know that God will help you. Live, and teach me that I may learn to write against those bad men that do not believe in God."

We then parted, thinking over a letter just received from England, signed with a single initial, from a young lady whom I had met at Dr. Rule's. And here I must observe, that only one educated as a Protestant, and instructed in the Gospel, could have expressed herself in the grand and consolatory language of that document. Among other things, she told my wife of the reiterated supplications which had been offered up to God for my deliverance from the fury of that hateful Tribunal, and entreated me to abide faithful in the con-

flict; and on the back were a few short words, added by my often-mentioned friend himself, extremely significant.

An hour afterwards my wife came again, giving as the reason of her quick return, that a very important family affair had brought her, and good news from England. They granted her admission. I went down stairs, we remained alone, and, drawing a basket from under her mantle, she gave it to me, saying, "I have calculated the height of the balcony—here is the cord." I took the basket and money, and, just at that moment, who should come into the room where we were, but the Notary? My wife, judging by his appearance that he brought me some bad news, withdrew; but, in spite of the vigilance of the *sbirro*, succeeded in concealing herself within the Convent, awaiting the result of the visit.

I went up stairs with the guard and the Notary, the latter asking what I had in the basket. "I have a Gordian knot," said I; "but I mean soon to cut it." He said nothing, but was laying his hand on the basket. I pushed it indignantly away.

We went into my apartments, where he read me a Report on my case, and said that it would very shortly be concluded. "The Vicar," he added, "is very sorry for having to pronounce sentence on a man like you, an old acquaintance and friend of his own. He is very sorry,—very sorry indeed, and tells me that he will do what he can for you. The Proctor of the Tribunal regards this case with regret,—as, indeed, we all do."

"To-morrow," said I within myself, "you will think otherwise." I gave him a glass of sherry, and he handed me a cigar. "You know," said I, smiling, "that you may drink my wine, but Mora takes nothing

of yours." Putting on a bitter smile, he rose, and I followed him to the door. Looking round, I saw my wife, who seized my hand, and, in spite of the *sbirros*, I let her know what had occurred.

Positively assured that I would break prison, she went away content, saying, "The measures are well taken; your friends have not overlooked the most trifling preparation; many more will come this time than the last; make yourself easy; don't mind *sbirros*, nor watchmen, nor porters, nor patrols; this evening you shall know the signal, the countersigns, and whatever else is necessary."

At dinner-time it all came, with information that if I did not escape before the next day, those "holy men" would remove me to another place; for they suspected that I was contriving how to make my escape.

The guard slept at my bed-side, and it was necessary to get him further away, take possession of his keys, and even lock him up, that I might venture on a leap without fearing interruption. About eight o'clock in the evening I told him that, being something better, I wished to sit up later, and employ a few hours in writing the description of a scene that would the next day surprise those who heard it, and, accompanying the word with a very significant action, said, in a firm voice, "*I need to be alone to-night, absolutely alone; you shall sleep in one of the rooms that open into the hall, and the key of your door shall remain with me in the chamber.*"

The guard nodded assent to all this, without raising any objection at the moment; but I know not what he was thinking of afterwards; for, after he had prepared

his bed, he sat down opposite me without any apparent disposition to retire. How to get him asleep was now the question. It was eleven o'clock, and the poor fellow, wishing to bear me company for no other reason than to do me a kindness, tried all in his power to keep awake. I laid aside my pen, took up a newspaper, and he took another. "Can you read well?" said I. "Yes, Sir," said he; and so I bethought me that a little reading would settle him for the night, took away his paper, began to read aloud, and bade him listen, saying within myself, "Sleep you must." I began with the foreign news, throwing in a few words and phrases that he could not understand; and, after a few minutes, he said, "I am sleepy; I must go to bed."

It was a quarter past twelve o'clock. We locked the door; I took the key. He was in the closet opposite my bed, and moved about making some slight noise, until I began to hear him snore. Approaching his bed, I found that he was really fast asleep. Then I retired to the closet, opened the window into the balcony, turned the key in the door behind me, and left the poor fellow snugly locked in.

I had been told that a few minutes before half-past one the watchman would leave the street, and the way would be quite clear, so that I need not then fear anything, neither the *sbirros* in the house, nor those in the house opposite; and that at half-past one o'clock a gentleman, whom I should know by his dress, would stand opposite my balcony, and strike three lucifer matches on the wall; that at the third match I should let myself down, and that they would catch me in my

descent, that I might receive no injury in case of losing my hold on the rope.

At one o'clock, without any light, I opened the balcony, lay on my face, and, looking down, watched the guards on their beat, the watchmen, and the Inspector, who passed within six paces of me, but especially the nearest watchman. Shortly before half-past one, some one came up to the watchman, spoke to him, and they walked away together. A few moments afterwards a gentleman passed by. I then rose upon my feet. He stood still, fixed his eyes on me for a moment, and passed on. No sooner was he out of sight than another appeared at the street corner, whom I instantly recognised by the moonlight. By this time I was mechanically attaching the cord to the hand-rail of the balcony, instead of lower down, as it should have been. My soul rose in prayer, and my confidence rapidly increased. Not waiting for the third match, I flung myself over; and just as they ran to catch me in their arms to break the shock, my feet touched the ground without the slightest injury. Doubtless I gathered some strength by faith in God,—that faith which removes mountains. That He heard my humble supplication I well know; but how I descended, or in what time, I really cannot tell. At one o'clock I was hardly able to stand; and at thirty-two minutes past one I was running over the rough pavement.

After we had passed the first corner, my friend of the matches left me, and others took charge of me, and others after these, and then others again, until I was left in charge of one only, whom I well knew. This gentleman dismissed a few coaches that were standing

near the Tribunal, saluted the patrols whom we met, spoke to them as an officer of superior authority, and we passed freely through the most public places in order to reach the house where they were ready to receive me.

Before sun-rise the *sbirros* told the Fathers what had occurred, showing them the cord hanging from the balcony. The Fathers gave information to the authorities, and, making their way into the room,—but how, I know not, for I had locked the doors inside,—they found my friend the guard in a deep sleep. They awoke him, in presence of the Inspector, and asked *where I was.* "Asleep in his chamber," he replied. To my chamber they proceeded, and found themselves much in the position of the Deputies who went to make out an inventory of the Crown jewels.* There was the nest, but the bird had flown.

XX.

THE CONCEALMENT.

They sent the Vicar an official notice of my escape. The Vicar ran away to the Governor very early in the morning in the greatest imaginable agitation, and rushed into his room, shouting, "Señor! Señor! he has escaped! He has escaped!" The Governor eyed him very coolly during a volley of furious ejaculations, and then asked, "But *who* has escaped?"—"Señor! the

* Queen Christina had those jewels in her possession; but when they were wanted, after her abdication of the Regency, they were not forthcoming. The Constituent Cortes were investigating this matter when her daughter Isabel II. dispersed them; and so ended the investigation.

prisoner! the prisoner!" "But *what* prisoner?"—"Mora! Mora!" "Then God bless him, and give him a good journey," replied the Governor. "I thought it was another affair, and another prisoner."—"And I," proceeded the Judge of the Tribunal of the Faith, "I want the Police, and the Telegraph, and * * * * * * to catch him." "You," said the Governor, "may employ the Police, if you please; but I shall not order the Telegraph to be worked to catch *him*. You may go to the Telegraph if you please; for you had him in your own prison. I have no more to say, Mr. Vicar: I am sorry for the alarm you have caused me this morning: I thought it was quite another matter."

I remained two days in my first hiding-place, and should have been there longer, but for hearing what efforts were made to find me; not, however, by the Police, but by the Jesuits of the short robe, and by those of the Convent. They reached my own house first, and, not finding me there, nor anywhere else, cunningly devised a more infamous and scandalous contrivance than any attempted during the whole affair, not excepting that of the Prado.

Two days passed away, and neither pious informations, nor offers of reward, nor any other means, could enable them to discover the faintest trace of my existence. During these two days my wife herself did not certainly know that I was at liberty. On that very night she was waiting with impatience in a balcony of our house for some intelligence, when a gentleman, whom she did not know, passed by about two o'clock, stopped for a moment, and said, in a low voice, "Mora is free and safe," and then passed on.

It is therefore certain that they did not even think it prudent to tell my own wife where I was, lest my safety should be endangered; neither did I know the persons in whose house I found shelter. I only perceived that they were very liberal people, and that they knew me well.

During this interval a guard called at my door one night, and the persons of the house, thinking that he came from the authorities, let him in. As soon as he came where my wife was, he addressed her thus: "I come from the Vicar to take you to prison." While she was listening with some surprise to this determination of the Judge of my cause, her mother threw open a window, and called from the balcony for help. Meanwhile the guard, sword in hand, threatened my wife; but she, with the courage and self-possession of which one of her sex is capable, defended herself well from the fellow, whom some persons had prepared beforehand by giving him drink. The Alcalde of the district came instantly with some men, and seized the guard, who insisted that he had come by authority of the Vicar. The Alcalde sent information to the Government, and the Inspector came to my house without delay.

Although the Inspector was the chief officer of Public Security in my neighbourhood, well understanding to what length the daring and barbarity of my enemies could go, and taught by what he had already witnessed, he instantly induced my wife to remove to the house of some friends, until he could examine the truth of the guard's statement. What passed afterwards between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities I cannot say, but the result was the following Order from the Inspector:—

"No one is authorized to search this house, nor yet to enter it, without a previous Order from me."

The poor guard did not live far off; he was one that had been put in charge of me; he could not bear the sight of the Priests; he was a good Liberal. Then what means must have been employed to persuade him to attempt an act which, it can be easily seen, he had not the will, or the wine did not leave him the power, to commit? From that day my family were perfectly safe under the protection of the Government authorities.

The activity and searching inquiries of the Jesuits to find me out, determined me, after arrangement with my friends, to remove to another house, in order to put them off their scent.

A friend then brought a coach, and, to prevent suspicion, we drove away to the Prado itself about nightfall, took a few turns there, alighted in the most public street of Madrid, and, in the midst of a crowd of people, walked for some distance. Then we walked up to a house previously unknown to me, but very respectable, and there I found my wife.

I gave her full information of all that was passing, told her whither I expected to go, and desired her to put herself into communication with some friends, in order to accomplish the very difficult achievement of escaping from the Tribunal of the Faith. My wife left, and, in company with the master of this house, I went to another.

For seven successive days we were labouring to contrive some plan for a flight from Spain without exposure; but, this being extremely difficult, we could do nothing more than discuss, and discuss again. Uncon-

sciously to ourselves, we were giving time to a powerful hand, that, when it pleases, and only when it pleases, does things without encountering any great resistance. On the fifth day my wife said, "Do you know what I have thought?"—"What?"—"That you cannot be so safe anywhere as in your own house. There, in the midst of your friends, and even under the protection of the Police, you will see and hear all that passes, without any one being able to see you." "Surely," said I within myself, "in difficult circumstances the advice of one's wife is of all the safest."

That advice I took, and, after night-fall, the master of the second house and I went out together, walked about for a few hours, and entered my own quarter of the city about eleven o'clock, the watchmen and guards being on their beats, and my own Alcalde among them. They eyed us inquisitively as we passed, but I preserved self-command, and we went on. Near my house, we caught sight of the watchman, who, as we had reason to believe, was on the look out for me, and not he alone, but some others: however, we managed to evade his observation by turning off in another direction, and so I returned home without detection.

But now came another difficulty. The porters at the entrance* would know me at once, if it were only by my walk, without speaking a word; but my good wife had foreseen this, and provided accordingly. Unseen by the passengers, she was watching for me in the

* In Madrid each family occupies a *cuarto*, or "flat" of the house, and one or more porters wait in the hall. As M. Mora dwelt on the *cuarto principal*, or "first floor," he would not be the least noticeable person coming in at the common entrance.

balcony. Just as I knocked at the door, she and her mother managed to be going out; she opened it herself, as if by accident, and admitted me without disturbing the Porter, who lay awake on a bench near the stairs. My wife puffed out the principal light, and my mother-in-law did the same with hers, as if it were accidentally done by the wind on opening the door.

A few long steps brought me inside my dwelling; but although my wife had addressed me by another name, in the hearing of the porter, we afterwards found that he suspected what was going on, and kindly kept profound silence.

The first person whom I saw and heard was the Inspector, and from that time I knew that the Jesuits were the people who spared no pains to catch me. Day and night my house was watched by *sbirros*, guards, and watchmen. Four days after my return I had an opportunity of hearing the various opinions and reports that were current respecting myself. At first the Jesuits believed that I was concealed in the Embassy of the United States, then they suspected the British Embassy, and then again they thought I might possibly be at home. From time to time the Police came to the house, perhaps to save appearances.

XXI.

THE FLIGHT.

Two days before I left Madrid, a very respectable gentleman, who, although not known to me, had from the beginning manifested great sympathy with myself and my family, called at our house. I did not know him, but from

my place of concealment observed him very closely, and heard these words exchanged between him and my wife.

"Pray, will you have the kindness to tell me whether your husband is in Madrid?"

"Yes, Sir; unhappily he is still in Spain."

"Could I see him?"

Here my poor wife began to hesitate, but I opened a glass door, and answered for myself:—

"Yes, Sir, here you see him. I am Mora. I perceive by your accent that you are an *English* gentleman, and I trust myself with you without the slightest hesitation."

The good gentleman was startled for the moment; but, when well assured that it was really I who stood before him, he proceeded to the object of his visit.

"Tell me, now, do you wish to get out of Spain?"

"Ah, yes, Sir! but that will be difficult,—very difficult. There are those *sbirros;* and then there is the telegraph, and ....., and ....., and ....."

"Don't you trouble yourself about such trifles. You wish to get out of Spain, do you not?"

"Indeed I do."

"And *when?*"

"When! Whenever you please."

"Very well. We will see about it."

He bade us good day; and we received a letter from Dr. Rule, strong enough to cure a dozen patients suffering as I had been under the Romano-Jesuitico-idolatrico-pagan fever.

From that morning the north wind freshened charmingly; and it was clear that, without the slightest trouble or danger, I might hoist sail, cross the perilous

waters of Jesuitical fury, and soon reach the Protestant port where they were looking out for me.

I sent for some friends, and told them the good news. "The problem," they exclaimed, "is solved. No craft can bear up against the north wind; that incorrigible crew must be content to slacken chase, and get back to their own anchorage again."

Now we feared nothing; and so great was the confidence of my family, my friends, and myself, that we began to speak up, without the least fear of *sbirros* or police. That night I slept soundly and sweetly, for the first time since my apprehension on the Prado. Next day my mother-in-law went out and gave a carpet-bag, with some necessary articles for travelling, to some one whom she did not know, nor did I.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the same gentleman called, and said many, many good words and kind, while we all shed tears, tears gushing from a fountain of gratitude, that will be eternal.

My wife undertook to clear out the Porter's Hall, and keep watch from the balcony. She called the Porter and sent him with a message,—she employed the Porter's wife within doors,—she dispatched the children with a few coppers to buy sweetmeats. Then I opened the street-door, and found myself on the outside, apparently alone, but in reality well protected.

At my side ran a *sbirro;*—for I was going at a brisk pace. He looked keenly at me, and I knew him well; for he had belonged to the family of the Canon mentioned in the former part of my narrative,—once my partner. The poor fellow did not venture to say anything; but, as soon as he recognised me, he went away

to look for help. Unfortunately for his employers, it was now too late for help.

I reached an English house, where there were two carriages in waiting. I knocked at the door, and the servants, who evidently expected me, opened quickly, and showed me into a room.

I there found another English gentleman, whom I did not know, but who very kindly bade me sit down, and take a cup of tea, while waiting for the arrival of his friend. After a few minutes this friend came, and, with the delicate attention that is peculiarly his own, he said,—

"Until you reach England, you need not be concerned about yourself; and if anything should occur before your arrival there, here is this for you,—you understand?" "Very well; that is understood. And these.....You understand?"

"Ah, yes! Too well I understand!"

The two gentlemen walking out first, we took our seats in one of the carriages, and drove away, leaving Mr. Vicar to his own reflections. At twenty minutes before eight o'clock we were in the Puerta del Sol, the most frequented part of Madrid; and as there had been a great review that day, there were some thousands of people more than usual.

We crossed the open space, passing through the crowd, and alighted near the Post Office. There I saw the same *sbirro* that had met me that same afternoon, and he was now in company with a military man, or, at least, a person in military uniform, hurrying away to the Post Office. His errand might be conjectured; but it was now too late. The power, the activity, and the

constancy of my English friends had completely disconcerted the perfidious hosts of Jesuitism.

I walked there openly for some time with a gentleman,—English too,—saying, "Keep up! There is nothing to fear." And so I did for several minutes. Afterwards, in the mail-coach, I found a fellow-traveller, a Spaniard, who performed his part, also, admirably well; and I perfectly understand the dexterity of those who are only dull on certain subjects, just when it pleases them; or when, identified with brave John Bull, they just lift the mask sufficiently to suit the exigencies of an occasion.

Everything had been provided in anticipation, and nothing could now take me by surprise. Grasping the hands of my benefactors, I returned thanks to God and to them, and could not refrain from shedding tears. Some friends were standing around, and, reaching me their hands in silence, signified their thankfulness and joy for the unexpected deliverance, almost a resurrection from the dead, of this contumacious heretic.

A respectable brigantine, on the other side the strait, bravely convoyed the barque, after it had crossed the bar of Bilbao. Once in open sea, we sailed away without the slightest molestation from Telegraph or guards.

XXII.

TO ENGLAND.

In Burgos I met a friend, travelling on his journey homeward, and for the moment there was no small hazard of discovery; for we were seated together at table, and who should be there in company but one of the Jesuit

Fathers, who had been in the hotel for some days? However, I watched for an opportunity, and, taking my friend's hand suddenly, to his great surprise, whispered in his ear, "*I am Mora. I have just escaped from the Holy Tribunal.*"—"I know it," said he, "I know all about it, but"— "There is no *but* in the matter: only mind one thing, not to mention my name just now."— "But"— "No *but* in the matter; tell my family and friends that I am well."

While we were all at the table, in came this Jesuit, sat down opposite me, rubbing his hands cheerily, and put on the air of impudence which is so characteristic of the members of that humble Company when they have the best of it, as they have just now in Spain. He surveyed me deliberately, but my daguerreotype, which had no doubt been taken in the chamber of Patrocinio, was altogether different from the face which now met the eye of the sagacious Jesuit; for, that the person who directed my flight might not omit any precaution, he had disguised me a little, just only a little, in Madrid, but enough to prevent any one from applying to me the well known Spanish proverb, "*Faltabale la barba por pelar.*" They had shaved off my whiskers, and left me with *vigote* and *perilla* on the upper and the lower lip. My friend trembled more than I, when he saw the Jesuit obstinately fix his eyes upon me again and again, yet not suffering his curiosity to hinder him from eating and drinking as heartily as the best of us.

The call of our conductor started us from the table much sooner than we expected. Leaving the dinner unfinished, I very readily resumed my seat in the mail-cart. We pursued our journey, and gladly left Burgos

far behind. In Vergara we took refreshment in the house of a friend of the conductor, and breakfasted next morning at Vitoria, ere it was well day.

At night we supped in St. Sebastian, and the Protestant traversed the last piece of anti-Catholic territory, passing through Irun; and before we had well crossed the mountain-wall which, for the last three centuries, has separated Spain from free nations, I found myself in France, thanks to the resistless energy of Christian England.

In Beovia, the frontier station, they said nothing to me, nor meddled with my luggage, but just looked at my passport for the sake of form, and I observed that some of them treated me with marked attention. Before I had reached Bayonne I believe the Electric Telegraph carried intelligence to my deliverer from death, that I was safe in the neighbouring empire.

From Paris, as soon as I alighted from the mail-cart, it was my first care, and my first duty, to write a letter to my friend, to say that I had arrived there safe and sound, praying that God might bless him and the humane nation which, with such promptitude and energy, had piloted my poor sea-tossed bark, through storm and shallow, into a port of safety. "A thousand, and a thousand thanks, dear Sir. With all the fulness of gratitude that a thankful heart can feel,—with all the earnestness of which mine is capable at this moment, *God bless you!*"

No obstacle, no trouble in France prevented me from finishing my journey. The way had been perfectly prepared.

Soon, very soon, I reached this Christian country, after my escape from the hands of that Tribunal of Satan.

In a very few days, I received a letter, to my great joy, from that unflinching advocate of civil and religious liberty, who has laboured so hard and so wisely for its establishment in our unhappy country,—that unwavering Liberal, who has endured so much for liberty itself,—that old and tried President of our Central Committee, who has fought so bravely against tyranny,—the President of that most liberal Junta which granted complete liberty of worship in one of its earliest decrees,—my beloved friend, Don Rafael Degollada, several times Deputy in Cortes for the Province of Barcelona.

Having pressed the hand of my untiring friend, Dr. Rule, my first care in London was to return my very heartiest thanks to those who had assisted in bringing such powerful influence in England to bear on the accomplishment of my deliverance.

From that moment, I have not ceased, nor will I ever cease, from attempting to arouse, by all means in my power, the highly religious zeal of this happy country to aid us, as brethren, entertaining the same views as themselves, in continuing to lay the true foundation of all the liberties, and of all the prosperity, to which my beloved country is aspiring.

That ignominious phrase which for three centuries has been inscribed on the frontiers of our land, to our dishonour and ruin,—THE UNKNOWN CHRIST,—must be erased. Let Englishmen labour together with us, as members of the same great Christian family, as brethren whose privilege it is to build up the Temple of our God, founded on the Gospel of His Incarnate Son, to consummate this glorious work. Without this, Liberty, Prosperity, Faith, Justice, Order, Happiness, are no more than a well-sounding melody of empty words.

XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

Thou once favoured tract of land, thou monumental country, where, for long ages, the Queen of the West held her throne, where men still may trace the ruins of thy primitive magnificence, although confounded with the mournful marks of actual decay, thou land of Spain, —Spain, one of the finest and best countries in the world, one of the most enlightened, noble, and generous nations on the earth, by the hand of the Creator most adorned, by the perfidy of man the most dishonoured, and of all Europe most troubled during the last three centuries, thou owest all thy misfortunes to one single cause.

Ever since the Bishops of Rome, in their mad and sordid ambition, have bent their knees before the Prince of this world, to receive at his hand the fleeting pleasures of a temporal dominion within the narrow circle of their own States,—ever since the Christian Esau, with insatiable pride, sold the last vestige of his birthright to the Founder of Jesuitism to satisfy the cravings of his own appetite,—ever since the Beggar of Manresa, the standard-bearer of reaction, the implacable rival of enlightenment and civilization, arose within thy borders,—ever since the indefatigable adversary of Christ and of His Church came to tempt thy sons, even as once the Infernal Spirit came to tempt our first parents to disobedience,—from that moment began thy misfortunes and decay.

No sooner did the armed Minerva that issued from the brain of Loyola, descend upon thy golden shores, than the ultramontane Power began to drain all thy strength. The monarchy, which at that time answered to the very

life-pulse of the Spanish people, began to fail, and thy downward career began, from fall to fall, from one stage of decay to another, until thy great Captain, Charles V., for whom the world had been too narrow, sank under the pressure of that novel craft, betook himself for refuge to a poor cell in the monastery of Yuste, and feebly consigned his armies to Loyola, that General who should thenceforth sway all the destinies of thy spacious realms.

Even the savage Philip II. yielded to his inspirations and his management the destroying agencies of the infamous Tribunal of the Inquisition; and while the blood of thy children flowed in torrents, while the martyrs of Jesus were giving their life to save to thee the Gospel, and preserve the monarchy, thy government, and thy people, Philip III. marched in obedience to the devotionary of Mariana—which is the dagger—submissively as the meanest recruit that ever enlisted in the hosts of Ignatius; and Charles II., overwhelmed with holy water, scapularies, and relics, died under the impulse of Nithard; and with him was buried for ever the Austrian dynasty, both nation and people remaining in the most miserable condition. A descendant of the Sovereign who perished by the hand of the infamous Ravaillac, although bearing but the name of royalty, is now nothing better than a mere "responsible Editor" for issuing the orders of the Jesuits.

Charles III., indeed, expelled the Society from Spain, after he had been himself in danger of assassination by their agents in the church itself; but although the plague seemed to have passed away, it has returned again under the reigns of his successors, and not to the destruction of their *souls* only,—for perhaps the dagger

of Merino, the man who attempted to stab the present Queen, came from their own armoury,—but to make an end of the Bourbon dynasty, as well as, aforetime, of the Austrian, and not only to end the dynasty, but to destroy the nation.

But can they do this? Most assuredly they cannot. The dynasty, indeed, must expire, if the present symptoms of dissolution are to be taken as indications of its fate. And with the dynasty will also disappear those who are not only Atheists with Atheists, but Reformers with Reformers, that they may smother the Reformation at its birth,—men who are always indulgent to the sins and excesses of the people, having themselves fallen into the lowest depths of wickedness. They must come to an end, because,—

1. They have in their heart cast off the Gospel and the law of God.

2. Because God, in His good Providence, prepares for their extinction, scarcely leaving them so much ground as suffices to set their foot upon.

3. Because the most enlightened portions of mankind, in the present day, have come to regard them with utter abhorrence.

The victory they have just now gained in Spain, shedding the blood of her best people, is regarded by those who know the country best as their last struggle for existence, just as when the sick man, lying on the verge of death, gives a momentary sign of vigorous life, and then expires.

The good seed which has been lately sown, and more especially within the last two years, is beginning to yield most abundant fruit; and the severe decrees which

the Jesuitized *Camarilla* is now issuing, evidence the truth of this assertion. The Gospel has opened for itself a way. The Reformation is gaining ground. The *Camarilla* thinks and feels that it has, and therefore persecutes its friends with threats, penalties, and decrees.

Persecution, however, will but widen the boundaries of the Reformation; and disjointed as all parties are, and that principle alone which Jesuitism has never been able to destroy, namely, the national feeling of independence, possessing any life; the hand of God, we trust, will now more than ever employ the only instrument which can enable us to breathe the pure atmosphere of civil and religious liberty. The enlightened party, the truly liberal party, the party that labours after the attainment of a better life, the party that is alone called to deliver their parent, the country, from the clutches of corrupt courtiers, and from their pestiferous influences, the party which has laboured most of all to frustrate the contrivances of the Court of Rome and the "Society of Jesus," and to promote the education of the people, and the party, withal, that has never been responsible for the misdeeds of men who are but idols of the hour,—this we believe to be the instrument which Providence will employ to deliver fallen Spain from the yoke of her oppressors.

All other combinations are useless, and civil and religious liberty must be radical, in order to heal the wounds of my afflicted country. That emancipation from civil tyranny, emancipation from the hateful yoke of Rome, and all freedom which emancipation can bestow, *must rest on the imperishable foundation of the Gospel,* is the conviction of this party; a party which

daily and hourly gains new strength by the very efforts of tyranny for its destruction; and, as the hour of deliverance approaches, the dawn of Gospel liberty is seen breaking through the darkness.

The masses of the people are more than disposed to cast off the yoke of both tyrannies, the civil and the ecclesiastical; and as for the educated classes, the recent edicts which forbid us, under the severest penalties, to speak of Rome and of the monarchy, may answer. It is true that the official religion continues to be outwardly professed; but considering how little account is now made of confession, of bulls, of miracles, and all other superstitions, it is evidently at a low ebb indeed in regard to the bulk of the people. In vain are the influences of Throne and Court put into requisition to lead us back to the terrors of past ages, that the successors of the notorious Borgia may repeat their thundering anathemas, which now rather provoke laughter than move to fear. The times of the old Pharisees, and the doctrines of devils of which St. Paul speaks, with legends and pious frauds, never can return.

The Pontificate and Jesuitism are put on their last trial. In compensation for losses in former times, they are allowed superstitious festivals and sanguinary conflicts, and may seem to be active and robust, but they are corroded to the very core; and let but the breath of the people breathe upon them, they crumble into nothing.

But even if it were not so, we should leave the issue to the justice of God, who will surely exact a retribution for the iniquities which have been committed in the name of the Gospel by the very men who hate it.

And if any say that they do not hate the Gospel, let them who profess to be exclusively the order of those whom the Lord Jesus Christ sent forth to preach it to all nations, tell us what they have done for the instruction of the people. Or what have they done for the inferior Clergy, over whom they have domineered for the last three centuries? Or what have they done for public morals, for commerce, for the industrial arts, or for science, even while all was at their disposal? Few of the poor can read. Females are taught to shun reading as if it were a crime; and, instead of Academies, Universities, and Lyceums, they give the people in the kingdom of the last of Monarchs just a few amphitheatres for bull-fights.

Few, indeed, have known the Bible. Some of us undertook the salutary work of distributing it; but, by way of recompense, they have given us their bitterest curse, with persecution, and with banishment, and have even thrown one of us into the Inquisition, which is again revived.

LONDON:—PRINTED BY WILLIAM NICHOLS, 32, LONDON WALL.

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